

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

MISS MARJORIBANKS.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

MISS MARJORIBANKS lost her mother when she was only fifteen, and when, to add to the misfortune, she was absent at school, and could not have it in her power to soothe her dear mamma's last moments, as she herself said. Words are sometimes very poor exponents of such an event: but it happens now and then, on the other hand, that a plain intimation expresses too much, and suggests emotion and suffering which, in reality, have but little, if any, existence. Mrs. Marjoribanks, poor lady, had been an invalid for many years; she had grown a little peevish in her loneliness, not feeling herself of much account in this world. There are some rare natures that are content to acquiesce in the general neglect, and forget themselves when they find themselves forgotten; but it is unfortunately much more usual to take the plan adopted by Mrs. Marjoribanks, who devoted all her powers, during the last ten years of her life, to the solacement and care of that poor self which other people neglected. The consequence was, that when she disappeared from her sofa—except from the mere physical fact that she was no longer there—no one, except her maid, whose occupation was gone, could have found out much difference. Her husband, it is true, who had, somewhere, hidden deep in some secret corner of his physical organization the remains of a heart, experienced a certain sentiment of sadness when he re-entered the house from which she had gone away for ever. But Dr. Marjoribanks was too busy a man to waste his feelings on a mere sentiment. His daughter, however, was only fifteen, and had floods of tears at her command, as was natural at that age. All the way home she revolved the situation in her mind, which was considerably enlightened by novels and popu-

lar philosophy—for the lady at the head of Miss Marjoribank's school was a devoted admirer of "Friends in Council," and was fond of bestowing that work as a prize, with pencil-marks on the margin—so that Lucilla's mind had been cultivated, and was brimful of the best of sentiments. She made up her mind on her journey to a great many virtuous resolutions; for, in such a case as hers, it was evidently the duty of an only child to devote herself to her father's comfort, and become the sunshine of his life, as so many young persons of her age have been known to become in literature. Miss Marjoribanks had a lively mind, and was capable of grasping all the circumstances of the situation at a glance. Thus between the outbreaks of her tears for her mother, it became apparent to her that she must sacrifice her own feelings, and make a cheerful home for papa, and that a great many changes would be necessary in the household—changes which went so far as even to extend to the furniture. Miss Marjoribanks sketched to herself, as she lay back in the corner of the railway carriage, with her veil down, how she would wind herself up to the duty of presiding at her papa's dinner-parties, and charming everybody by her good-humour, and brightness, and devotion to his comfort; and how, when it was all over, she would withdraw and cry her eyes out in her own room, and be found in the morning languid and worn-out, but always heroical, ready to go down-stairs and assist at her dear papa's breakfast, and keep up her smiles for him till he had gone out to his patients. Altogether the picture was a very pretty one; and considering that a great many young ladies in deep mourning put force upon their feelings in novels, and maintain a smile for the benefit of the observant male creatures of whom they have the charge, the idea was not at all extra-

gant, considering that Miss Marjoribanks was but fifteen. She was not, however, exactly the kind of figure for this *mise en scène*. When her schoolfellows talked of her to their friends—for Lucilla was already an important personage at Mount Pleasant—the most common description they gave of her was, that she was “a large girl,” and there was great truth in the adjective. She was not to be described as a tall girl—which conveys an altogether different idea—but she was large in all particulars, full and well developed, with somewhat large features, not at all pretty as yet, though it was known in Mount Pleasant that somebody had said that such a face might ripen into beauty, and become “grandiose,” for anything anybody could tell. Miss Marjoribanks was not vain; but the word had taken possession of her imagination, as was natural, and solaced her much when she made the painful discovery that her gloves were half a number larger, and her shoes a hairbreadth broader than those of any of her companions; but the hands and the feet were both perfectly well shaped; and being at the same time well clothed and plump, were much more presentable and pleasant to look upon than the lean rudimentary school-girl hands with which they were surrounded. To add to these excellences, Lucilla had a mass of hair which, if it could but have been cleared a little in its tint, would have been golden, though at present it was nothing more than tawny, and curly to exasperation. She wore it in large thick curls, which did not, however, float, or wave, or do any of the graceful things which curls ought to do; for it had this aggravating quality, that it would not grow long, but would grow ridiculously, unmanageably thick, to the admiration of her companions, but to her own despair, for there was no knowing what to do with those short but ponderous locks. These were the external characteristics of the girl who was going home to be a comfort to her widowed father, and meant to sacrifice herself to his happiness. In the course of her rapid journey she had already settled upon everything that had to be done; or rather, to speak more truly, had rehearsed everything according to the habit already acquired by a quick mind, a good deal occupied with itself. First she meant to fall into her father's arms—forgetting, with that singular facility for overlooking the peculiarities of others which belongs to such a character, that Dr. Marjoribanks was very little given to embracing, and that a hasty kiss on her forehead was the warmest caress he had ever given his daughter—and then to rush up to the

chamber of death and weep over dear mamma. “And to think I was not there to soothe her last moments!” Lucilla said to herself, with a sob, and with feelings sufficiently real in their way. After this, the devoted daughter made up her mind to come down-stairs again, pale as death, but self-controlled, and devote herself to papa. Perhaps, if great emotion should make him tearless, as such cases had been known, Miss Marjoribanks would steal into his arms unawares, and so surprise him into weeping. All this went briskly through her mind, undeterred by the reflection that tears were as much out of the Doctor's way as embraces; and in this mood she sped swiftly along in the inspiration of his first sorrow, as she imagined, but in reality to suffer her first disappointment, which was of a less soothing character than that mild and manageable grief.

When Miss Marjoribanks reached home her mother had been dead for twenty-four hours; and her father was not at the door to receive her as she had expected, but by the bedside of a patient in extremity, who could not consent to go out of the world without the Doctor. This was a sad reversal of her intentions, but Lucilla was not the woman to be disconcerted. She carried out the second part of her programme without either interference or sympathy, except from Mrs. Marjoribanks's maid, who had some hopes from the moment of her arrival. “I can't abear to think as I'm to be parted from you all, miss,” sobbed the faithful attendant. “I've lost the best missus as ever was, and I shouldn't mind going after her. Whenever any one gets a good friend in this world, they're the first to be took away,” said the weeping handmaiden, who naturally saw her own loss in the most vivid light. “Ah, Ellis,” cried Miss Marjoribanks, reposing her sorrow in the arms of of this anxious attendant, “we must try to be a comfort to poor papa!”

With this end Lucilla made herself very troublesome to the sober-minded Doctor during those few dim days before the faint and daily lessening shadow of poor Mrs. Marjoribanks was removed altogether from the house. When that sad ceremony had taken place, and the Doctor returned, serious enough, heaven knows, to the great house, where the faded helpless woman, who had notwithstanding been his love and his bride in other days, lay no longer on the familiar sofa, the crisis arrived which Miss Marjoribanks had rehearsed so often, but after quite a different fashion. The widower was tearless, indeed, but not from excess of emotion

On the contrary, a painful heaviness possessed him when he became aware how little real sorrow was in his mind, and how small an actual loss was this loss of his wife, which bulked before the world as an event of just as much magnitude as the loss, for example, which poor Mr. Lake, the drawing-master, was at the same moment suffering. It was even sad, in another point of view, to think of a human creature passing out of the world, and leaving so little trace that she had ever been there. As for the pretty creature whom Dr. Marjoribanks had married, she had vanished into thin air years and years ago. These thoughts were heavy enough — perhaps even more overwhelming than that grief which develops love to its highest point of intensity. But such were not precisely the kind of reflections which could be solaced by paternal *attendrissement* over a weeping and devoted daughter. It was May, and the weather was warm for the season; but Lucilla had caused the fire to be lighted in the large gloomy library where Dr. Marjoribanks always sat in the evenings, with the idea that it would be “a comfort” to him; and, for the same reason, she had ordered tea to be served there, instead of the dinner, for which her father, as she imagined, could have little appetite. When the Doctor went in to his favourite seclusion, tired and heated and sad — for even on the day of his wife’s funeral the favourite doctor of Carlingford had patients to think of — the very heaviness of his thoughts gave warmth to his indignation. He had longed for the quiet and the coolness and the solitude of his library, apart from everybody; and when he found it radiant with firelight, tea set on the table, and Lucilla crying by the fire, in her new crape, the effect upon a temper by no means perfect may be imagined. The unfortunate man threw both the windows wide open and rang the bell violently, and gave instant orders for the removal of the unnecessary fire and the tea-service. “Let me know when dinner is ready,” he said in a voice like thunder, and if Miss Marjoribanks wants a fire, let it be lighted in the drawing-room.” Lucilla was so much taken by surprise by this sudden overthrow of her programme, that she submitted, as a girl of much less spirit might have done, and suffered herself and her fire and her tea-things to be dismissed up-stairs, where she wept still more at sight of dear mamma’s sofa, and where Ellis came to mingle her tears with those of her young mistress, and to beg dear Miss Lucilla, for the sake of her precious ‘elth and her dear papa, to be persuaded to take some tea. On the whole,

master stood lessened in the eyes of all the household by his ability to eat his dinner, and his resentment at having his habitudes disturbed. “Them men would eat and drink if we was all in our graves,” said the indignant cook, who indeed had a real grievance; and the outraged sentiment of the kitchen was avenged by a bad and hasty dinner, which the Doctor, though generally “very particular,” swallowed without remark. About an hour afterwards he went up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Miss Marjoribanks was waiting for him, much less at ease than she had expected to be. Though he gave a little sigh at the sight of his wife’s sofa, he did not hesitate to sit down upon it, and even to draw it a little out of its position, which, as Lucilla described afterwards, was like a knife going into her heart. Though, indeed, she had herself decided already, in the intervals of her tears, that the drawing-room furniture had got very faded and shabby, and that it would be very expedient to have it renewed for the new reign of youth and energy which was about to commence. As for the Doctor, though Miss Marjoribanks thought him insensible, his heart was heavy enough. His wife had gone out of the world without leaving the least mark of her existence, except in that large girl, whose spirits and forces were unbounded, but whose discretion at the present moment did not seem much greater than her mother’s. Instead of thinking of her as a comfort, the Doctor felt himself called upon to face a new and unexpected embarrassment. It would have been a satisfaction to him just then to have been left to himself, and permitted to work on quietly at his profession, and to write his papers for the “Lancet,” and to see his friends now and then when he chose; for Dr. Marjoribanks was not a man who had any great need of sympathy by nature, or who was at all addicted to demonstrations of feeling; consequently, he drew his wife’s sofa a little further from the fire, and took his seat on it soberly, quite unaware that, by so doing, he was putting a knife into his daughter’s heart.

“I hope you have had something to eat, Lucilla,” he said; “don’t get into that foolish habit of flying to tea as a man flies to a dram. It’s a more innocent stimulant, but it’s the same kind of intention. I am not so much against a fire; it has always a kind of cheerful look.”

“Oh, papa,” cried his daughter, with a flood of indignant tears, “you can’t suppose I want anything to look cheerful this dreadful day.”

“I am far from blaming you, my dear,”

said the doctor; "it is natural you should cry. I am sorry I did not write for my sister to come, who would have taken care of you; but I dislike strangers in the house at such a time. However, I hope, Lucilla, you will soon feel yourself able to return to school; occupation is always the best remedy, and you will have your friends and companions"—

"Papa!" cried Miss Marjoribanks, and then she summoned courage, and rushed up to him, and threw herself and her clouds of crape on the carpet at his side (and it may here be mentioned that Lucilla had seized the opportunity to have her mourning made long, which had been the desire of her heart, baffled by mamma and governess for at least a year). "Papa!" she exclaimed with fervour, raising to him her tear-stained face, and clasping her fair plump hands, "oh, don't send me away! I was only a silly girl the other day, but *this* has made me a woman. Though I can never, never hope to take dear mamma's place, and be—all—that she was to you, still I feel I can be a comfort to you if you will let me. You shall not see me cry any more," cried Lucilla with energy, rubbing away her tears. "I will never give way to my feelings. I will ask for no companions—nor—nor anything. As for pleasure, that is all over. Oh, papa, you shall never see me regret anything, or wish for anything. I will give up everything in the world to be a comfort to you!"

This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, "Get up, Lucilla;" but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother's sofa, where the Doctor was sitting; and the sobs of that emotion which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room. "It is only for this once—I can—cannot help it," she cried.

When her father found that he could neither soothe her, nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother, too, had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears; and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded Doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognize, with a thrill of dismay, the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life out, and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing

her duty by him in his widowhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.

Accordingly, when her sobs had ceased, her father returned and raised her up not unkindly, and placed her in her chair. In doing so, the Doctor put his finger by instinct upon Lucilla's pulse, which was sufficiently calm and well regulated to reassure the most anxious parent. And then a furtive momentary smile gleamed for a single instant round the corners of his mouth.

"It is very good of you to propose sacrificing yourself for me," he said; "and if you would sacrifice your excitement in the mean time, and listen to me quietly, it would really be something—but you are only fifteen, Lucilla, and I have no wish to take you from school just now; wait till I have done. Your poor mother is gone, and it is very natural you should cry; but you were a good child to her on the whole, which will be a comfort to you. We did everything that could be thought of to prolong her days, and, when that was impossible, to lessen what she had to suffer; and we have every reason to hope," said the Doctor, as indeed he was accustomed to say in the exercise of his profession to mourning relatives, "that she's far better off now than if she had been with us. When that is said, I don't know that there is anything more to add. I am not fond of sacrifices, either one way or another; and I've a great objection to any one making a sacrifice for me"—

"But, oh papa, it would be no sacrifice," said Lucilla, "if you would only let me be a comfort to you!"

"That is just where it is, my dear," said the steady Doctor; "I have been used to be left a great deal to myself; and I am not prepared to say that the responsibility of having you here without a mother to take care of you, and all your lessons interrupted, would not neutralize any comfort you might be. You see," said Dr. Marjoribanks, trying to soften matters a little, "a man is what his habits make him; and I have been used to be left a great deal to myself. It answers in some cases, but I doubt if it would answer with me."

And then there was a pause, in which Lucilla wept and stifled her tears in her handkerchief, with a warmer flood of vexation and disappointment than even her natural grief had produced. "Of course, papa, if I can't be any comfort—I will—go back to school," she sobbed, with a touch of sullenness which did not escape the Doctor's ear.

"Yes, my dear, you will certainly go back to school," said the peremptory father; I never had any doubt on that subject. You can stay over Sunday and rest yourself. Monday or Tuesday will be time enough to go back to Mount Pleasant; and now you had better ring the bell, and get somebody to bring you something—or I'll see to that when I go down-stairs. It's getting late, and this has been a fatiguing day. I'll send you up some negus, and I think you had better go to bed."

And with these commonplace words, Dr. Marjoribanks withdrew in calm possession of the field. As for Lucilla, she obeyed him, and betook herself to her own room, and swallowed her negus with a sense, not only of defeat, but of disappointment and mortification which was very unpleasant. To go back again and be an ordinary school-girl, after the pomp of woe in which she had come away, was naturally a painful thought; she who had ordered her mourning to be made long, and contemplated new furniture in the drawing-room, and expected to be mistress of her father's house, not to speak of the still dearer privilege of being a comfort to him; and now, after all, her active mind was to be condemned over again to verbs and chromatic scales, though she felt within herself capacities so much more extended. Miss Marjoribanks did not by any means learn by this defeat to take the characters of the other *personae* in her little drama into consideration, when she rehearsed her pet scenes hereafter—for that is a knowledge slowly acquired—but she was wise enough to know when resistance was futile; and like most people of lively imagination, she had a power of submitting to circumstances when it became impossible to change them. Thus she consented to postpone her reign, if not with a good grace, yet still without foolish resistance, and retired with the full honours of war. She had already re-arranged all the details, and settled upon all the means possible of preparing herself for what she called the charge of the establishment when her final emancipation took place, before she returned to school. "Papa thought me too young," she said, when she reached Mount Pleasant, "though it was dreadful to come away and leave him alone with only the servants; but, dear Miss Martha, you will let me learn all about political economy and things, to help me manage everything; for now that dear mamma is gone, there is nobody but me to be a comfort to papa."

And by this means Miss Marjoribanks managed to influence the excellent woman who believed in 'Friends in Council,' and to

direct the future tenor of her own education; while, at least, in that one moment of opportunity, she had achieved long dresses, which was a visible mark of womanhood, and a step which could not be retraced.

CHAPTER II.

Dr. Majoribanks was so far from feeling the lack of his daughter's powers of consolation that he kept her at Mount Pleasant for three years longer, during which time it is supposed he managed to be comfortable after a benighted fashion—good enough for a man of fifty, who had come to an end of his illusions. To be sure, there were in the world, and even in Carlingford, kind women, who would not have objected to take charge of the Doctor and his "establishment," and be a comfort to him; but, on the whole, it was undeniable that he managed tolerably well in external matters, and gave very good men's dinners, and kept everything in perfect order, so far as it went. Naturally the fairer part of existence was left out altogether in that grim, though well-ordered, house, but then he was only a man and a doctor, and knew no better; and while the feminine part of Grange Lane regarded him with natural pity, not only for what he lacked, but for a still more sad defect, his total want of perception on this subject, their husbands and fathers rather liked to dine with the Doctor, and brought home accounts of sauces which were enough to drive any woman to despair. Some of the ladies of Grange Lane—Mrs. Chiley, for example, who was fond of good living herself, and liked, as she said, "a little variety"—laid siege to the Doctor, and did their best to coax his receipts out of him; but Dr. Marjoribanks knew better than that. He gave all the credit to his cook, like a man of sense; and as that functionary was known in Carlingford to be utterly regardless and unprincipled in respect to gravy beef, and the materials for "stock," or "consommé," as some people called it, society was disinclined to exert its ordinary arts to seduce so great an artist from the kitchen of her indulgent master. Then there were other ladies who took a different tone. "Dr. Marjoribanks, poor man, has nothing but his table to take up his mind," said Mrs. Centum, who had six children; "I never heard that the heart could be nourished upon sauces, for my part; and for a man who has his children's future to think of, I must say I am surprised at you, Mr. Centum." As for young Mrs. Woodburn, her

reply was still more decisive though milder in its tone. "Poor cook, I am so sorry for her," said the gentle young matron. "You know you always like something for breakfast, Charles; and then there is the children's dinner, and our lunch, and the servants' dinner, so that the poor thing is worn out before she comes to what you call the great event of the day; and you know how angry you were when I asked for a kitchen-maid for her, poor soul." The consequence of all this was, that Dr. Majoribanks remained unrivalled in Grange Lane in this respect at least. When rumors arose in Carlingford of a possible second marriage for the Doctor—and such rumors naturally arose three or four times in the course of three years—the men of Grange Lane said, "Heaven forbid!" "No wife in the world could replace Nancy," said Colonel Chiley, after that fervent aspiration, "and none could put up with her;" while, on the other side, there were curious speculations afloat as to the effect upon the house, and especially upon the table, of the daughter's return. When a young woman comes to be eighteen it is difficult to keep her at school; and though the Doctor had staved off the danger for the moment, by sending Lucilla off along with one of her school-fellows, whose family was going abroad, to make orthodox acquaintance with all the Swiss mountains, and all the Italian capitals, still that was plainly an expedient for the moment; and a new mistress to the house, which had got along so well without any mistress was inevitable. So that it cannot be denied Miss Marjoribanks's advent was regarded in Carlingford with as much interest and curiosity as she could have wished. For it was already known that the Doctor's daughter was not a mild young lady, easy to be controlled; but, on the contrary, had all the energy and determination to have her own way, which naturally belonged to a girl who possessed a considerable chin and a mouth which could shut, and tightly curling tawny tresses, which were still more determined than she was to be arranged only according to their inclination. It was even vaguely reported that some passage-of-arms had occurred between Miss Marjoribanks and the redoubtable Nancy during the short and uncertain opportunities which were afforded by holidays; and the community, accordingly, regarded as an affair of almost municipal importance Lucilla's final return home.

As for the young lady herself, though she was at school, she was conscious of having had a career not without importance, even

during these three years of pupilage. Since the day when she began to read political economy with Miss Martha Blount, who, though the second sister, was the directing spirit of the establishment, Lucilla had exercised a certain influence upon the school itself which was very satisfactory. Perhaps her course might be a little deficient in grace, but grace, after all, is but a secondary quality; and, at all events, Miss Majoribanks went straight forward, leaving an unquestionable wake behind her, and running down with indifference the little skiffs in her way. She was possessed by nature of that kind of egotism or rather egoism, which is predestined to impress itself, by its perfect reality and good faith, upon the surrounding world. There are people who talk of themselves, and think of themselves as it were, under protest, and with deprecation, not actually able to convince themselves that anybody cares; but Lucilla, for her part, had the calmest and most profound conviction that, when she discussed her own doings and plans and clevernesses, she was bringing forward the subject most interesting to her audience as well as to herself. Such a conviction is never without its fruits. To be sure there were always one or two independent spirits who revolted; but for the crowd, it soon became impressed with a profound belief in the creed which Miss Marjoribanks supported so firmly. This conviction of the importance and value of her own proceedings made Lucilla, as she grew older, a copious and amusing conversationalist; a rank which few people who are indifferent to, or do not believe in, themselves can attain to. One thing she had made up her mind to as soon as she should return home, and that was to revolutionise society in Carlingford. On the whole, she was pleased with the success of the Doctor's dinner, though a little piqued to think that they owed nothing to herself; but Lucilla, whose instinct of government was of the true despotic order, and who had no objection to stoop, if by that means she could conquer, had no such designs against Nancy as were attributed to her by the expectant audience in Carlingford. On the contrary, she was quite as much disposed as her father was to take Nancy for prime-minister; for Miss Marjoribanks, though too much occupied with herself to divine the characteristic points of other people, had a sensible and thorough belief in those superficial general truths which most minds acquiesce in, without taking the trouble to believe. She knew, for example, that there was a great difference between the brilliant society of London, or of Paris, which appears in books, where wo-

men have generally the best of it, and can rule in their own right; and even the very best society of a country town, where husbands are very commonly unmanageable, and have a great deal more of their own way in respect to the houses they will or will not go to than is good for that inferior branch of the human family. Miss Marjoribanks had the good sense to see and appreciate these details; and she knew that a good dinner was a great attraction to a man, and that, in Carlingford at least, when these refractory mortals were secured, the wives and daughters would necessarily follow. Besides, as is not uncommon with women who are clever women, and aware of the fact, Miss Marjoribanks preferred the society of men, and rather liked to say so. With all these intentions in her mind, it may be imagined that she received coolly enough the invitation of her friend to join in the grand tour, and the ready consent given by her father when he heard of it. But even the grand tour was a tool which Lucilla saw how to make use of. Nowadays, when people go everywhere, an untravelling woman would find it so much the harder to keep up the rôle of a leader of society to which she had devoted herself; and she felt to the depth of her heart the endless advantage to her future conversation of the experiences to be acquired in Switzerland and Italy. But she rejected with scorn the insinuation of other accidents that might occur on the way.

"You will never come back again, Lucilla," said one of her companions; "you will marry some enchanting Italian with a beautiful black beard, and a voice like an angel; and he'll sing serenades to you, and do all sorts of things: oh, how I wish I was you!"

"That may be," said Miss Marjoribanks, "but I shall never marry an Italian, my dear. I don't think I shall marry anybody for a long time. I want to amuse myself. I wonder, by the way, if it would improve my voice to take lessons in Italy. Did I ever tell you of the Italian nobleman that was so very attentive to me that Christmas I spent at Sissy Vernon's? He was very handsome. I suppose they really are all very handsome—except, of course, the Italian masters; but I did not pay any attention to him. My object, dear, and you know it, is to return home as well educated as possible, to be a comfort to dear papa."

"Yes, dear Lucilla," said the sympathetic girl, "and it is so good of you; but do tell me about the Italian nobleman—what did he look like—what did he say?"

"Oh, as for what he said, that is quite a different matter," said Lucilla; "but it is

not what they say, but the way they say it, that is the fun. I did not give him the least encouragement. As for that, I think, a girl can always stop a man when she does not care for him. It depends on whether you intend him to commit himself or not," Miss Marjoribanks continued, and fixed her eyes meditatively, but intently, upon her friend's face.

"Whether I intend?—oh goodness, Lucilla! how can you speak so? as if I ever intended anything," said her companion, confused, yet flattered, by the possibility; to which the elder sage answered calmly, with all the composure in the world.

"No, I never supposed you did; I was thinking of myself," said Lucilla, as if, indeed, that was the only reasonable subject of thought. "You know I have seen a good deal of the world, one way and another, with going to spend the holidays, and I could tell you quantities of things. It is quite astonishing how much experience one gets. When I was at Midhurst, at Easter, there was my cousin Tom, who was quite ridiculous; I declare he nearly brought things to an explanation, Fanny—which, of course, of all things in the world I most wanted to avoid."

"Oh, but why, Lucilla?" cried Fanny, full of delight and wonder; "I do so want to know what they say when they make—explanations, as you call them. Oh, do tell me, Lucilla, why?"

"My dear," said Miss Marjoribanks, "a cousin of my own! and only twenty one, and reading for the bar! In the first place, my aunt would never have forgiven me, and I am very fond of my aunt. It's so nice to like all one's relations. I know some girls who can't bear theirs; and then a boy not much older than myself, with nothing but what his mother pleases! Fortunately he did not just say the words, so I escaped that time; but, of course, I could understand perfectly what he meant."

"But oh, Lucilla, tell me the words," cried the persistent questioner, "do, there's a darling! I am quite sure you have heard them—and I should so like to know exactly what they say;—do they go down on their knees?—or do they try to take your hand as they always do in novels?—or what do they do?—Oh, Lucilla, tell me, there's a dear!"

"Nonsense," said Lucilla, "I only want you to understand that I am not likely to fall into any danger of that sort. My only ambition, Fanny, as I have told you often, is to go home to Carlingford and be a comfort to dear papa."

"Yes," said Fanny, kissing her devoted companion, "and it is so good of you, dear; but then you can not go on all your life being a comfort to dear papa," said the intelligent girl, bethinking herself, and looking again with some curiosity in Lucilla's face.

"We must leave that to Providence," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a sense of paying a compliment to Providence in intrusting it with such a responsibility. "I have always been guided for the best hitherto," she continued, with an innocent and unintentional profanity, which sounded solemn to her equally innocent companion, "and I don't doubt I shall be so till the end."

From which it will be perceived that Miss Marjoribanks was of the numerous class of religionists who keep up civilities with heaven, and pay all the proper attentions, and show their respect for the divine government in a manner befitting persons who know the value of their own approbation. The conversation dropped at this point; or Lucilla was too important a person to be left to the undivided possession of an inquisitive innocent like Fanny Middleton, who was only sixteen, and had never had even a flirtation in her own person. There were no Carlingford girls at Mount Pleasant, except poor little Rose Lake, the drawing-master's second daughter, who had been received on Dr. Marjoribanks's recommendation, and who heard the little children their geography and reading, and gave them little lessons in drawing, by way of paying for her own education; but then Rose was entirely out of Miss Marjoribanks's way, and could never count for anything in her designs for the future. The girls at Mount Pleasant were good girls on the whole, and were rather improved by the influence of Lucilla, who was extremely good-natured, and, so long as her superiority was duly acknowledged, was ready to do anything for any body—so that Rose Lake was not at all badly off in her inferior position. She could be made useful too, which was a great point in her favor; and Miss Marjoribanks, who possessed by nature some of the finest qualities of a ruler, instinctively understood and appreciated the instruments that came to her hand. As for Rose, she had been brought up at the school of design in Carlingford, of which, under the supervision of the authorities who, in those days, inhabited Marlborough House, Mr. Lake was the master. Rose was the pride of the school in the peaceable days before her mother died; she did not know much else, poor child, except novels, but her copies "from the round" filled her father with

admiration, and her design for a Honiton-lace flounce, a spirited composition of dragons' tails and the striking plant called tealze, which flourishes in the neighborhood of Carlingford (for Mr. Lake had leanings towards Preraphaelitism), was thought by the best judges to show a wonderful amount of feeling for art, and just missed being selected for the prize. A girl with such a talent was naturally much appreciated at Mount Pleasant. She made the most charming design for Miss Marjoribanks's handkerchief—"Lucilla," in Gothic characters, enclosed in a wreath of forget-me-nots, skilfully combined with thistle leaves, which Rose took great pains to explain were so much better adapted to ornamentation than foliage of a less distinct character; and the young draughtswoman was so charmed by Lucilla's enthusiastic admiration, that she volunteered to work the design in the cambric, which was a much more serious matter. This was on the eve of Miss Marjoribanks's final departure from school. She was to spend a year abroad, to the envy of all whom she left behind; but for herself, Lucilla was not elated. She thought it very probable that she would ascend Mont Blanc as far as the Grands Mulets at least, and, of course, in spring, go up Vesuvius, having got through the Carnival and Miserere and all the balls in Rome; but none of these things moved her out of her usual composure. She took it all in the way of business, as she had taken her French and her German and her singing and her political economy. As she stepped into the steamboat at Dover which was to convey her to scenes so new, Lucilla felt more and more that she who held the reorganisation of society of Carlingford in her hands was a woman with a mission. She was going abroad as the heir-apparent went to America and the Holy Land, to complete her education, and fit herself, by an examination of the peculiarities of other nations, for an illustrious and glorious reign at home.

CHAPTER III.

It may be well to seize the opportunity of Miss Marjoribanks's travels, through which it is unnecessary to follow her, as they have nothing particular to do with the legitimate history of her great undertaking, to explain a little the state of affairs in Carlingford before this distinguished revolutionary began her labours. It is something like going back into the prehistoric period—those ages of the flint, which only ingenious

quarrymen and learned geologists can elucidate—to recall the social condition of the town before Miss Marjoribanks began her Thursday evenings, before St. Roque's Chapel was built or thought of, while Mr. Bury, the Evangelical Rector, was still in full activity, and before old Mr. Tufton, at Salem Chapel (who sometimes drank tea at the Rectory, and thus had a kind of clandestine entrance into the dim outskirts of that chaos which was then called society), had his first "stroke." From this latter circumstance alone the entirely disorganised condition of affairs will be visible at a glance. It is true, Mr. Vincent, who succeeded Mr. Tufton, was received by Lady Western, in days when public opinion had made great advances; but then Lady Western was the most good-natured creature in the world, and gave an invitation, when it happened to come into her head, without the least regard for the consequences; and, after all, Mr. Vincent was very nice-looking and clever, and quite presentable. Fortunately, however, the period to which we allude was prior to the entrance of Lady Western into Grange Lane. She was a very pretty woman, and knew how to look like a lady of fashion, which is always of importance; but she was terribly inconsequent, as Miss Marjoribanks said, and her introductions were not in the least to be depended upon. She was indeed quite capable of inviting a family of retired drapers to meet the best people in Grange Lane, for no better reason than to gratify her *pro'tegés*, which, of course, was a proceeding calculated to strike at the roots of all society. Fortunately for Carlingford, its reorganisation was in abler hands. Affairs were in an utterly chaotic state at the period when this record commences. There was nothing which could be properly called a centre in the entire town. To be sure, Grange Lane was inhabited, as at present, by the best families in Carlingford; but then, without organisation, what good does it do to have a number of people together? For example, Mr. Bury was utterly unqualified to take any lead. Mrs. Bury had been dead a long time, and the daughters were married, and the Rector's maiden sister, who lived with him, was entirely of his own way of thinking, and asked people to tea-parties, which were like Methodists' class-meetings, and where Mr. Tufton was to be met with, and sometimes other Dissenters, to whom the Rector gave what he called the right hand of fellowship. But he never gave anything else to society, except weak tea and thin bread-and-butter, which was fare, the ladies said, which the

gentlemen did not relish. "I never can induce Charles to go out to tea," said young Mrs. Woodburn, piteously; "he won't, and there is an end of it. After dinner he thinks of nothing but an easy-chair and the papers; and, my dear Miss Bury, what can I do?" "It is a great pity, my dear, that your husband's carelessness should deprive you of the benefit of Christian conversation; but, to be sure, it is your duty to stay with him, and I hope it will be made up to you at home," Miss Bury would say. As for the Rector, his favourites were devoted to him; and as he always saw enough of familiar faces at his sister's tea-parties, he took no account of the defaulters. Then there was Dr. Marjoribanks, who gave only dinners, to which naturally, as there was no lady in the house, ladies could not be invited, and who, besides, was rather a drawback than a benefit to society, since he made the men quite intolerable, and filled them with such expectations, in the way of cookery, that they never were properly content with a good family dinner after. Then the ladies, from whom something might justly have been expected in the way of making society pleasant—such as Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn, for example, who had everything they could desire, and the most liberal housekeeping allowances—were either incapacitated by circumstances (which was a polite term in use at Carlingford, and meant babies) or by character. Mrs. Woodburn liked nothing so well as to sit by the fire and read novels, and "take off" her neighbours, when any one called on her; and, of course, the lady who was her audience on one occasion, left with the comfortable conviction that next time she would be the victim; a circumstance which, indeed, did not make the offender unpopular—for there were very few people in Carlingford who could be amusing, even at the expense of their neighbours—but made it quite impossible that she should ever do anything in the way of knitting people together, and making a harmonious whole out of the scraps and fragments of society. As for Mrs. Chiley, she was old, and had not energy enough for such an undertaking; and, besides, she had no children, and disliked bustle and trouble, and was of opinion that the Colonel never enjoyed his dinner if he had more than four people to help him to eat it; and, in short, you might have gone over Grange Lane, house by house, finding a great deal of capital material, but without encountering a single individual capable of making anything out of it. Such was the lamentable condition, at the mo-

ment this history commences, of society in Carlingford.

And yet nobody could say that there were not very good elements to make society with. When you add to a man capable of giving excellent dinners, like Dr. Marjoribanks, another man like young Mr. Cavendish, Mrs. Woodburn's brother, who was a wit and a man of fashion, and belonged to one of the best clubs in town, and brought down gossip with the bloom on it to Grange Lane; and when you join to Mrs. Centum, who was always so good and so much out of temper that it was safe to calculate on something amusing from her, the languid but trenchant humour of Mrs. Woodburn — not to speak of their husbands, who were perfectly available for the background, and all the nephews and cousins and grandchildren, who constantly paid visits to old Mr. Western and Colonel Chiley; and the Browns, when they were at home, with their floating suite of admirers; and the young ladies who sang, and the young ladies who sketched, and the men who went out with the hounds, when business permitted them; and the people who came about the town when there was an election; and the barristers who made the circuit; and the gay people who came to the races; not to speak of the varying chances of curates, who could talk or play the piano, with which Mr. Bury favoured his parishioners — for he changed his curates very often; and the occasional visits of the lesser country people, and the country clergymen; — it will be plainly apparent that all that was wanting to Carlingford was a master-hand to blend these different elements. There had even been a few feeble preliminary attempts at this great work, which had failed, as such attempts always fail when they are premature, and when the real agent of the change is already on the way; but preparations and presentiments had taken vague possession of the mind of the town, as has always been observed to be the case before a great revolution, or when a man destined to put his mark on his generation, as the newspapers say, is about to appear. To be sure, it was not a man this time, but Miss Marjoribanks; but the atmosphere thrilled and trembled to the advent of the new luminary all the same.

Yet, at the same time, the world of Carlingford had not the least idea of the real quarter from which the sovereign intelligence which was to develop it from chaos into order and harmony was, *effectivement*, to come. Some people had hoped in Mrs. Woodburn before she fell into her present languor of appearance and expression; and

a great many people hoped in Mr. Cavendish's wife, if he married, as he was said to intend to do; for this gentleman, who was in the habit of describing himself, no doubt, very truthfully, as one of the Cavendishes, was a person of great consideration in Grange Lane; and some hoped in a new Rector, for it was apparent that Mr. Bury could not last very long. Thus, with the ordinary short-sightedness of the human species, Carlingford blinded itself, and turned its eyes in every direction in the world rather than in that of the Swiss mountains, which were being climbed at that moment by a large and blooming young woman, with tawny short curls and alert decided movements; so little do we know what momentous issues may hang upon the most possible accident! Had that energetic traveller slipped but an inch further upon the *mer de glace* — had she taken that other step which she was with difficulty persuaded not to take on the Wengern Alp — there would have been an end of all the hopes of social importance for Carlingford. But the good fairies took care of Lucilla and her mission, and saved her from the precipice and the crevasses — and instinctively the air at home got note of what was coming, and whispered the news mysteriously through the keyholes. "Miss Marjoribanks is coming home," the unsuspecting male public said to itself as it returned from Dr. Marjoribanks's dinners, with a certain distressing, but mistaken presentiment, that these delights were to come to an end; and the ladies repeated the same piece of news, conjoining with it benevolent intimations of their intention to call upon her, and make the poor thing feel herself at home. "Perhaps she may be amusing," Mrs. Woodburn was good enough to add; but these words meant only that perhaps Lucilla, who was coming, to set them all right, was worthy of being placed in the satirist's collection along with Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Chiley. Thus, while the town ripened more and more for her great mission, and the ignorant human creatures, who were to be her subjects, showed their usual blindness and ignorance, the time drew nearer and nearer for Miss Marjoribanks's return.

CHAPTER IV.

"My daughter is coming home, Nancy," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "You will have to make preparations for her immediately. So far as I can make out from this letter, she will arrive to-morrow by the half-past five train."

"Well, sir," said Nancy, with the tone of a woman who makes the best of a misfortune, "it ain't every young lady as would have the sense to fix an hour like that. Ladies is terrible tiresome in that way; they'll come in the middle o' the day, when a body don't know in the world what to have for them; or they'll come at night, when a body's tired, and ain't got the heart to go into a supper. There was always a deal of sense in Miss Lucilla, when she hadn't got nothing in her head."

"Just so," said Dr. Marjoribanks, who was rather relieved to have got through the announcement so easily. "You will see that her room is ready, and everything comfortable; and, of course, to-morrow she and I will dine alone."

"Yes, sir," said Nancy; but this assent was not given in the decisive tone of a woman whose audience was over; and then she was seized with a desire to arrange in a more satisfactory manner the cold beef on the sideboard. When she had secured this little interval for thought, she returned again to the table, where her master ate his breakfast, with a presentiment. "If you please, sir," said Nancy, "not to give you no vexation nor trouble, which every one knows as it has been the aim o' my life to spare you, as has so much on your mind. But it's best to settle afore commencing, and then we needn't have no heartburning. If you please, am I to take my orders of Miss Lucilla, or of you, as I've always been used to? In the missus's time," said Nancy, with modest confidence, "as was a good missus, and never gave no trouble as long as she had her soup and her jelly comfortable, it was always you as said what there was to be for dinner. I don't make no objection to doing up a nice little luncheon for Miss Lucilla, and giving a little more thought now and again to the sweets; but it ain't my part to tell you, sir, as a lady's taste, and more special a young lady's, ain't to be expected to be the same as yours and mine as has been cultivated like. I'm not one as likes contention," continued the domestic oracle, "but I couldn't abear to see a good master put upon; and if it should be as Miss Lucilla sets her mind upon messes as ain't got no taste in them, and milk-puddings and stuff, like the most of the ladies, I'd just like to know out of your own mouth, afore the commencement, what I'm to do?"

Dr. Marjoribanks was so moved by this appeal that he laid down his knife and contemplated the alarming future with some dismay. "It is to be hoped Miss Lucilla will know better," he said. "She has a great

deal of good sense, and it is to be hoped that she will be wise enough to consult the tastes of the house."

But the Doctor was not to be let off so easily. "As you say, sir, everything's to be hoped," said Nancy, steadily; "but there's a many ladies as don't seem to me to have got no taste to their mouths; and it ain't as if it was a thing that could be left to hopes. Supposin' as it comes to that, sir, what am I to do?"

"Well," said the Doctor, who was himself a little puzzled, "you know Miss Lucilla is nineteen, Nancy, and my only child, and the natural mistress of the house."

"Sir," said Nancy, austere, "them is things as it ain't needful to name; that ain't the question as I was asking. Supposin' as things come to such a point, what am I to do?"

"Bless me! it's half-past nine," said the Doctor, "and I have an appointment. You can come just as usual when we are at breakfast, that will be the best way," he said as he went out at the door, and chuckled a little to himself when he felt he had escaped. "Lucilla is her mother's daughter, it is true," he said to himself when he had got into the safe seclusion of his brougham, with a degree of doubt in his tone which was startling, to say the least of it, from the lips of a medical man; "but she is my child all the same," he added, briskly, with returning confidence; and in this conviction there was something which reassured the Doctor. He rubbed his hands as he bowed along to his appointment, and thought within himself that if she turned out a girl of spirit, as he expected, it would be good fun to see Lucilla's struggle with Nancy for the veritable reins of government. If Dr. Marjoribanks had entertained any positive apprehensions that his dinners would be spoiled in consequence, his amusement would have come to an abrupt conclusion; but he trusted entirely in Nancy and a little in Lucilla, and suffered his long upper-lip to relax at the thought without much fear.

Her father had not returned from the labours of his long day when Lucilla arrived, but he made his last visits on foot in order to be able to send the brougham for her, which was a great thing for the Doctor to do. There was, indeed, a mutual respect between the two, who were not necessary to each other's comfort, it is true, as such near relations sometimes are; but who, at the same time, except on the sole occasion of Mrs. Marjoribanks's death, had never misunderstood each other, as sometimes happens. This time Miss Marjoribanks was rather

pleased, on the whole, that the Doctor did not come to meet her. At other times she had been a visitor; now she had come into her kingdom, and had no desire to be received like a guest. A sense of coming home, warmer than she remembered to have felt before, came into Lucilla's active mind as she stepped into the brougham. Not that the words bore any special tender meaning, notwithstanding that it was the desire of her heart, well known to all her friends, to live henceforward as a comfort to dear papa, but that now at last she was coming into her kingdom, and entering the domain in which she intended her will to be law. After living for a year with friends whose arrangements (much inferior to those which she could have made had she had the power) she had to acquiesce in, and whose domestic economy could only be criticised up to a certain point, it was naturally a pleasure to Miss Marjoribanks to feel that now at length she was emancipated, and at liberty to exercise her faculty. There were times during the past year when Lucilla had with difficulty restrained herself from snatching the reins out of the hands of her hosts, and showing them how to manage. But, impatient as she was, she had to restrain herself, and make the best of it. Now all that bondage was over. She felt like a young king entering in secret a capital which awaits him with acclamations. Before she presented herself to the rejoicing public, there were arrangements to be made and things to be done; and Miss Marjoribanks gave a rapid glance at the shops in George Street as she drove past, and decided which of them she meant to honour with her patronage. When she entered the garden it was with the same rapid glance of reorganising genius that she cast her eyes around it; and still more decided was the look with which she regarded her own room, where she was guided by the new housemaid, who did not know Miss Lucilla. Nancy, who knew no better (being, like most gifted persons, a woman of one idea), had established her young mistress in the little chamber which had been Lucilla's when she was a child; but Miss Marjoribanks, who had no sentimental notions about white dimity, shook her head at the frigid little apartment, where, however, she was not at all sorry to be placed at present: for if Dr. Marjoribanks had been a man of the *preventive* class, disposed to make all the preparations possible for his daughter, and arrange elegant surprises for her, he would have thoroughly disgusted Lucilla, who was bent on making all the necessary improvements in

her own person. When she went down to the drawing-room to await her father, Miss Marjoribanks's look of disapprobation was mingled with so much satisfaction and content in herself that it was pleasant to behold. She shook her head and shrugged her shoulders as she paused in the centre of the large faded room, where there was no light but that of the fire, which burned brightly, and kept up a lively play of glimmer and shadow in the tall glass over the fireplace, and even twinkled dimly in the three long windows, where the curtains hung stiff and solemn in their daylight form. It was not an uncomfortable sort of big, dull faded, respectable drawing-room; and if there had been a family in it, with recollections attached to every old ottoman and easy-chair, no doubt it would have been charming; but it was only a waste and howling wilderness to Lucilla. When she had walked from one end to the other, and verified all the plans she had already long ago conceived for the embellishment of this inner court and centre of her kingdom, Lucilla walked with her unhesitating step to the fire, and took a match and lighted all the candles in the large old-fashioned candlesticks, which had been flickering in grotesque shadows all over the roof. This proceeding threw a flood of light on the subject of her considerations, and gave Miss Marjoribanks an idea, in passing, about the best mode of lighting, which she afterwards acted upon with great success. She was standing in this flood of light, regarding everything around her with the eye of an enlightened critic and reformer, when Dr. Marjoribanks came in. Perhaps there arose in the soul of the Doctor a momentary thought that the startling amount of *éclairage* which he witnessed was scarcely necessary, for it is certain that he gave a momentary glance at the candles as he went up to greet his daughter; but he was far too well-bred a man to suggest such an idea at the moment. On the contrary, he kissed her with a sentiment of real pleasure, and owned to himself that, if she was not a fool, and could keep to her own department, it might be rather agreeable on the whole to have a woman in the house. The sentiment was not enthusiastic, and neither were the words of his salutation — "Well Lucilla; so this is you!" said the moderate and unexcited father. "Yes, papa, it is me," said Miss Marjoribanks, "and very glad to get home;" and so the two sat down and discussed the journey — whether she had been cold, and what state the railway was in — till the Doctor bethought himself that he had to prepare for dinner. "Nancy

is always very punctual, and I am sure you are hungry," he said; "so I'll go upstairs, with your permission, Lucilla, and change my coat;" and with this the actual arrival terminated, and the new reign began.

But it was only next morning that the young sovereign gave any intimation of her future policy. She had naturally a great deal to tell that first night; and though it was exclusively herself, and her own adventures and achievements, which Miss Marjoribanks related, the occasion of her return made that sufficiently natural; and the Doctor was not altogether superior to the natural prejudice which makes a man interested, even when they are not in themselves particularly interesting, in the doings of his children. She succeeded in doing what is certainly one of the first duties of a woman—she amused her father. He followed her to the drawing-room for a marvel, and took a cup of tea, though it was against his principles; and, on the whole, Lucilla had the satisfaction of feeling that she had made a conquest of the Doctor, which, of course, was the grand and most essential preliminary. In the little interval which he spent over his claret, Miss Marjoribanks had succeeded in effecting another fundamental duty of woman—she had, as she herself expressed it, harmonised the rooms, by the simple method of re-arranging half the chairs, and covering the tables with trifles of her own—a proceeding which converted the apartment from an abstract English drawing-room of the old school into Miss Marjoribanks's drawing-room, an individual spot of ground revealing something of the character of its mistress. The Doctor himself was so moved by this, that he looked vaguely round when he came in, as if a little doubtful where he was—but that might only be the effect of the sparkling mass of candles on the mantelpiece, which he was too well-bred to remark upon the first night. But it was only in the morning that Lucilla unfolded her standard. She was down to breakfast, ready to pour out the coffee, before the Doctor had left his room. He found her, to his intense amazement, seated at the foot of the table, in the place which he usually occupied himself, before the urn and the coffee-pot. Dr. Marjoribanks hesitated for one momentous instant, stricken dumb by this unparalleled audacity; but so great was the effect of his daughter's courage and steadiness, that after that moment of fate he accepted the seat by the side where every thing was arranged for him, and to which Lucilla invited him sweetly,

though not without a touch of mental perturbation. The moment he had seated himself, the Doctor's eyes were opened to the importance of the step he had taken. "I am afraid I have taken your seat, papa," said Miss Marjoribanks, with ingenious sweetness. "But then I should have had to move the urn, and all the things, and I thought you would not mind." The Doctor said nothing but "Humph!" and even that in an undertone; but he became aware all the same that he had abdicated, without knowing it, and that the reins of state had been smilingly withdrawn from his unconscious hands.

When Nancy made her appearance the fact became still more apparent, though still in the sweetest way. "It is so dreadful to think papa should have been bothered with all these things so long," said Miss Marjoribanks. "After this I am sure you and I, Nancy, can arrange it all without giving him the trouble. Perhaps this morning, papa, as I am a stranger, you will say if there is anything you would like, and then I shall have time to talk it all over with Nancy, and find out what is best," and Lucilla smiled so sweetly upon her two amazed subjects that the humour of the situation caught the fancy of the Doctor, who had a keen perception of the ridiculous.

He laughed out, much to Nancy's consternation, who was standing by in open-eyed dismay. "Very well, Lucilla," he said; "you shall try what you can do. I daresay Nancy will be glad to have me back again before long; but in the mean time I am quite content that you should try," and he went off laughing to his brougham, but came back again before Lucilla could take Nancy in hand, who was an antagonist more formidable. "I forgot to tell you," said the Doctor, "that Tom Marjoribanks is coming on Circuit, and that I have asked him to stay here, as a matter of course. I suppose he'll arrive to-morrow. Good-bye till the evening."

This, though Dr. Marjoribanks did not in the least intend it, struck Lucilla like a Parthian arrow, and brought her down for the moment. "Tom Marjoribanks!" she ejaculated in a kind of horror. "Of all people in the world, and at this moment!" but when she saw the open eyes and rising colour of Nancy the young dictator recovered herself—for a conqueror in the first moment of his victory has need to be wary. She called Nancy to her in her most affectionate tones as she finished her breakfast. "I sent papa away," said Miss

Marjoribanks, "because I wanted to have a good talk with you, Nancy. I want to tell you my object in life. It is to be a comfort to papa. Ever since poor mamma died that is what I have been thinking of; and now I have come home, and I have made up my mind that he is not to be troubled about anything. I know what a good, faithful, valuable woman you are, I assure you. You need not think me a foolish girl who is not able to appreciate you. The dinner was charming last night, Nancy," said Lucilla, with much feeling; "and I never saw anything more beautifully cooked than papa's cutlets to-day."

"Miss Lucilla, I may say as I am very glad I have pleased you," said Nancy, who was not quite conquered as yet. She stood very stiffly upright by the table, and maintained her integrity. "Master is particular, I don't deny," continued the prime minster, who felt herself dethroned. "I've always done my best to go in with his little fancies, and I don't mean to say as it isn't right and natural as you should be the missis. But I ain't used to have ado with ladies, and that's the truth. Ladies is stingy in a-many things as is the soul of a good dinner to them as knows. I may be valley-able or not, it ain't for me to say; but I'm not one as can always be kept to a set figger in my gravy-beef, and my bacon, and them sorts of things. As for the butter, I don't know as I could give nobody an idea? I ain't one as likes changes, but I can't abide to be kept to a set figger; and that's the chief thing, Miss Lucilla, as I've got to say."

"And quite reasonable too," said Miss Marjoribanks; "you and I will work perfectly well together, Nancy. I am sure we have both the same meaning; and I hope you don't think I am less concerned about dear papa than about the gravy-beef. He must have been very desolate, with no one to talk to, though he has been so good and kind and self-sacrificing in leaving me to get every advantage; but I mean to make it up to him, now I've come home."

"Yes, miss," said Nancy, somewhat mystified; "not but what master has had his little parties now and again, to cheer him up a bit; and I make bold to say, miss, as I have heard compliments, which it was Thomas that brought 'em down-stairs, as might go nigh to turn a body's head, if it was vanity as I was thinking of; but I ain't one as thinks of anything but the comfort of the family," said Nancy, yielding in spite of herself to follow the leadings of the higher will in presence of which she found herself, "and I'm

always one as does my best, Miss Lucilla, if I ain't worried nor kept to a set figger with my gravy-beef."

"I have heard of papa's dinners," said Lucilla, graciously, "and I don't mean to let down your reputation, Nancy. Now we are two women to manage everything, we ought to do still better. I have two or three things in my head that I will tell you after; but in the mean time I want you to know that the object of my life is to be a comfort to poor papa; and now let us think what we had better have for dinner," said the new sovereign. Nancy was so totally unprepared for this manner of dethronement, that she gave in like her master. She followed Miss Marjoribanks humbly into those details in which Lucilla speedily proved herself a woman of original mind, and powers quite equal to her undertaking. The Doctor's formidable housekeeper conducted her young mistress down-stairs afterwards, and showed her everything with the meekness of a saint. Lucilla had won a second victory still more exhilarating and satisfactory than the first; for, to be sure, it is no great credit to a woman of nineteen to make a man of any age throw down his arms; but to conquer a woman is a different matter, and Lucilla was thoroughly sensible of the difference. Now, indeed, she could feel with a sense of reality that her foundations were laid.

Miss Marjoribanks had enough of occupation for that day, and for many days. But her mind was a little distracted by her father's parting intelligence, and she had, besides, a natural desire to view the country she had come to conquer. When she had made a careful supervision of the house, and shifted her own quarters into the pleasantest of the two best bedrooms, and concluded that the little bare dimity chamber she had occupied the previous night was quite good enough for Tom Marjoribanks, Lucilla put on her hat and went out to make a little *reconnaissance*. She walked down to the spot where St. Roque's now stands, on her own side of Grange Lane, and up on the other side into George Street, surveying all the capabilities of the place with a rapid but penetrating glance. Dr. Marjoribanks's house could not have been better placed as a strategic position, commanding as it did all Grange Lane, of which it was, so to speak, the key, and yet affording a base of communication with the profaner public which Miss Marjoribanks was wise enough to know a leader of society should never ignore completely; for, indeed, one of the great advantages of that brilliant position is, that it gives a woman a right to be arbitrary, and to select her materials ac-

according to her judgment. It was more from a disinclination to repeat herself than any other motive that Lucilla, when she had concluded this preliminary survey, went up into Grove Street, meaning to return home that way. At that hour in the morning the sun was shining on the little gardens on the north side of the street, which was the plebeian side; and as it was the end of October, and by no means warm, Lucilla was glad to cross over and continue her walk by the side of those little enclosures where the straggling chrysanthemums propped each other up, and the cheerful Michaelmas daisies made the best of it in the sunshine that remained to them. Miss Marjoribanks had nearly reached Salem Chapel, which pushed itself forward amid the cosy little line of houses, pondering in her mind the unexpected hindrance which was about to be placed in her triumphant path, in the shape of Tom Marjoribanks, when that singular piece of good fortune occurred to her which had so much effect upon her career in Carlingford. Such happy accidents rarely happen, except to great generals or heroes of romance; and it would have been, perhaps, a presumption on the part of Lucilla to place herself conspicuously in either of these categories. The fact is, however, that at this eventful moment she was walking along under the shade of her pretty parasol, not expecting anything, but absorbed in many thoughts, and a little cast down in her expectations of success by a consciousness that this unlucky cousin would insist upon making love to her, and perhaps, even as she herself expressed it, *saying the words* which it had taken all her skill to prevent him from saying before. Not that we would have any one believe that love-making in the abstract was disagreeable to Miss Marjoribanks; but she was only nineteen, well off and good-looking, and with plenty of time for all that; and at the present moment she had other matters of more importance in hand. It was while occupied with these reflections, and within three doors of

Salem Chapel, in front of a little garden where a great deal of mignonette had run to seed, and where the Michaelmas daisies had taken full possession, that Lucilla was roused suddenly out of her musings. The surprise was so great that she stopped short and stood still before the house in the extremity of her astonishment and delight. Who could it be that possessed that voice which Miss Marjoribanks felt by instinct was the very one thing wanting — a round, full, delicious *contralto*, precisely adapted to supplement without supplanting her own high-pitched and much-cultivated organ? She stopped short before the door and made a rapid observation even in the first moment of her surprise. The house was not exactly like the other humble houses in Grove Street. Two little blank squares hung in the centre of each of the lower windows, revealed to Lucilla's educated eye the existence of so much "feeling" for art as can be satisfied with a transparent porcelain version of a famous Madonna; and she could even catch a glimpse, through the curtains of the best room — which, contrary to the wont of humble gentility in Carlingford, were well drawn back, and allowed the light to enter fully — of the glimmer of gilt picture-frames. And in the little garden in front, half-buried among the mignonette, were some remains of plaster-casts, originally placed there for ornament, but long since cast down by rain and neglect. Lucilla made her observations with the promptitude of an accomplished warrior, and, before the second bar of the melody indoors was finished, had knocked very energetically. "Is Miss Lake at home?" she asked, with confidence, of the little maid-servant who opened the door to her. And it was thus that Lucilla made her first bold step out of the limits of Grange Lane for the good of society, and secured at once several important personal advantages, and the great charm of those Thursday evenings which made so entire a revolution in the taste and ideas of Carlingford.

TO AN INFANT.

Familiar spirit, that so graciously

Dost take whatever fortune may befall,

Trusting thy fragile form to the arms of all,

And never counting it indignantly

To be caressed upon the humblest knee;

Thou, having yet no words, aloud dost call

Upon our hearts; the fever and the gall

Of our dark bosoms are reproved in thee.

From selfish fears and lawless wishes free,

Thou hast no painful feeling of thy weakness;

From shafts malign and pride's base agony

Protected by the pillows of thy meekness:

Thou hast thy little loves which do not grieve thee,

Unquiet make thee, or unhappy leave thee.

AUBREY DE VEEZ.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

ABOUT CHARLES LAMB, HIS FRIENDS
AND BOOKS.

About this unique and delightful being there has been plenty written in a loving, but official way. His ways and manner of life have been woven for us into a piece, and as we go over it carefully we find but few threads dropped. Some of these, and of very small importance indeed, may be thought worth while picking up. Anything, surely, will be welcome that helps, even in a small way, to bring us in contact with this engaging writer. As we might fancy ourselves in his room after his death, taking up his inkstand—his pen—the book he last read, with the leaf turned down—the folios; “my midnight darlings” he called them, half pathetically—“huge armfuls”—even his forsworn pipe (and with what reverence and delicacy we would lay our hands on such relics); so we might relish these little “odds and ends,” gathered up out of byways and out of corners—little shreds and patches of no great quality beyond having a reference to this arch-essayist, and most delightful man. For a writer so unique in his kind, where the species, as he himself said of a book, is the whole genus, surprisingly little has been said. Yet he might be studied over and over again—lectured and commented on by the hour and by the volume. It is pleasant to think that one so nice and dainty in palate as he was about the “dressing” of books—so sensitive and epicurean as regards typography, paper, and editions, should, in his own works, have been gratified by all the little elegances of typography. To be a dandy, or *petit maitre*, in such things is very pardonable; and there is a fond and delicate homage in the offering of fine type, broad margin, and toned paper, to a writer that we love almost akin to the flowers and draperies with which the altar of a patron saint is dressed. Charles Lamb would have looked down the line of his own books with fond admiration. They harmonize prettily.

One year Mr. Edward Moxon, whose name, somehow, always chimes in a sort of “third” with that of Lamb—the man to whom Leigh Hunt called the “bookseller of the poets, and with no disparagement to him from the antithesis, a poet among booksellers”—starting in business, was anxious to show the public with what elegance he would equip his books. “You were desirous,” said his friend, Lamb, to him, “of exhibiting a specimen of the manner in which publications intrusted to your care

would appear. They are simply advertisement verses.” And thus was introduced this pretty little volume, “Album Verses, with a few others,” by Charles Lamb; an inviting title-page, with a graceful vignette of a “pastoral boy” busily writing. A bright, gay little volume, printed by Bradbury and Evans, now tolerably rare, and not to be seen on the stalls.

After all, there is a sort of fanciful luxury in reading the book we love in the “original shape.” Very few have had in their hands the first collected edition of the immortal essays—a small, bright volume, entitled “Elia,” not “The Essays of Elia,” as they were to become later. Someway there is an aroma about these original books. It was the shape the author’s own eye rested on and approved. It is a link between him and us; just as Charles Lamb, I believe, used by a sort of chain of “handshakings” comically fancy he might have indirectly shaken Shakespeare’s hand. The delightful paper on books and editions lets us into a hundred little whims and *minauderies* of this sort which the book collector will comprehend. “On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio; the octavo editions are painful to look at.” But there are “things in books’ clothing” which make one writhe and shiver, and which distress the eye;—the well-meant compromise between meanness and abundance—between cheapness and good measure—between “nastiness” and a “good armful” notion, which takes the shape of the “complete works” in “one vol.” with double columns. “I know nothing,” says Lamb, “more heartless than the reprint of the ‘Anatomy of Melancholy.’” But he little dreamed he himself should be taken, packed and compressed, into that mean, straitened suit, many sizes too small, like some predecessor’s livery, all straitened, without a fold, or even a wrinkle. This seems a cruel and wanton degradation for one who has gloried in fine clothes, and who could stretch his arms with freedom. As he said of Burton, so it might be said to Mr. Moxon, “what need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic, old, great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion.” Yet never were the “shabby genteel” double columns so fined and polished, or given in such rich material—best of type and paper; but still nothing can carry off the cut and pattern. Had this abomination fairly taken root in the days of “Elia,” what a pleasant protest he would have given against the well-meaning but grovelling fashion!

The original "Elia," now open before me, is at the sign of Taylor and Hessey, 95, Fleet-street (we hear Charles Lamb telling how a copy was waiting for a friend "penes Taylor and Hessey"). It is tolerably rare. At the end is a good analysis of that famous London magazine in which they first appeared, requesting the attention of the public "particularly" to the six hundred original articles written by "gentlemen of the first talents;" and first in order among these contributions is placed "The Essays of Elia." How rich those six volumes were, may be conceived when they contained "The Opium Eater;" Allan Cunningham's "Scottish Traditions;" poetry by Montgomery, Keats, Clare, and Barry Cornwall; and a pleasant class of paper now unhappily dropped out of magazine province, on such subjects as "Specimens of the Early French Poets;" additions to Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors;" additions to "Johnson's Lives;" "Table-talk;" "Speculations on Richter and the Germans."

Pursuing this bibliographical review I have before me now a little volume, in rather mean dress, dated 1796, being the "Poems on Various Subjects, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge," printed by Robinson of London, and Cottle of Bristol. It is curious that Talfourd should not have noticed the appearance of three of Lamb's sonnets in this collection, which was a year previous to the "joint stock" venture of Coleridge, Lamb, and Lloyd, which is described in the "Memorials." More curious still that Lamb himself should seem to forget this modest entrance on the stage of his little verses; for in a dedication that came long after, he says, addressing Coleridge, "it would be a kind of disloyalty to offer to any one but yourself a volume containing the early pieces which were first published among your poems. My friend Lloyd and myself came into our first battle under cover of the greater Ajax." Coleridge in his preface introduces those soft and pretty initials "C. L.," which were to have a sort of colour and harmony for the eye, and for forty years were to grow very familiar to the public. "The Effusions," he says, "signed C. L. were written by Mr. Charles Lamb, of the India House. Independent of his signature their superior merit would have distinguished them." A style and title which seems to have struck quaintly on Lamb's ear, for when the new poems were getting ready he wrote out a full title-page with the same description.* These

three sonnets are the ones commencing, "Was it some sweet device of fairy land?" which becomes "Effusion XI." of Coleridge; and "Methinks how dainty sweet it were," which is "Effusion XII.;" and "I could laugh to hear the midnight wind," which in his collected poems becomes one of a series, and is only distinguished by a number, but here has a lofty title,

WRITTEN
AT MIDNIGHT
BY THE
SEA-SIDE AFTER A VOYAGE.

When the "Album Versus" came out, a smart but very short and trifling criticism, done in a flippantly slashing style, welcomed them in the *Literary Gazette*. It is inconceivable at this distance of time how such accompaniment, scarcely to be compared with a really "severe notice" of our day, could have caused such deep resentment. But there was then savage warfare, semi-political among those who used the pen professionally, and reviews were often the arms of politics.

"If anything," said this notice, "could prevent our laughing at the present collection of absurdities it would be a lamentable conviction of the blinding and engrossing nature of vanity. We could forgive the folly of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which has preserved and the conceit which has published. What an exaggerated notion must that man entertain of his talents who believes their slightest efforts worthy of remembrance; one who keeps a copy of the verses he writes in young ladies' albums, the proverbial receptacles for trash!"

These were good set terms, and they finished with harder, giving great commendation to the *typography*, but adding, "we could have dispensed with this specimen."

The whole was scarcely a column in length; but it excited the deepest resentment. Southey and Hunt rushed into the *Times* and into the *Examiner* with stinging verses and bitter prose. It was remembered long after, and yet it should have been recollected that the *Gazette* had done ample justice to Lamb's other productions, and that with the high standard Lamb himself had furnished to his friends and admirers, these are poor and weakly, though graceful rhymes. Long after noticing "Elia's Essays," the same journal alluded to the attacks that had

handsomely, even to the "rough sketch of Effusion XVI.," and to the "first half of Effusion XV."

* Lloyd could have had no share in this collection, as Coleridge acknowledges every one's assistance.

been made on itself. "And nearly the whole of the dirty *would-be-squibs* and epigrams which issued from the scribbling clique alluded to, rang the changes on Peter Pindar's filthy idea expanded into the corresponding rhyme." Nothing could be more cordial than their welcome of the Essays. They did not visit on his head what they owed to his friends. "But to return to this delightful volume," they said of the "last essays," which shall be "bound in fresh-clad hopeful green—we were going to have said and gold—but that is too costly for the daily wear and tear of its future destiny." A genial expression of enjoyment like what Leigh Hunt would have spoken. So, too, with the "Tales from Shakespeare." "The book is neatly bound in colored cloth—a species of binding which has a very good effect, though, we fear, not very lasting." So with the "Specimens"—"a new and very neat edition of a book which ought to be never out of print, for it is full of sweetness and beauty." His verses they could not tolerate. "The gems, it may be, are not all diamonds and precious stones, but the Bristol stones and garnets are extremely pretty, and the best of their kind."

After all, what was this to the attack of the old *Monthly Review*, now in a sort of toothless dotage, but in which the old sour juices of Kenrick, chief of review "hacks," and of the Griffiths who wrung Goldsmith's heart, seemed still to circulate. It led off in this fashion:

"Some few years ago there was in this metropolis a little coterie of half-bred men who took up poetry and literature as a trade, and who having access to one or two Sunday newspapers, and now and then to the magazines and reviews, puffed off each other as the first writers of the day. Among them was Mr. Leigh Hunt. Mr. Procter, better known under the Namby-Pamby title of Barry Cornwall, Mr. Hazlitt, some half a dozen others whose names we forget, and Mr. Charles Lamb, the inditer of the precious verses before us.

"Poor fellow! he looks more like a ghost than anything human or divine. His verses partake of the same character. They were gleaned from the albums of rural damsels, who, hearing that Charles Lamb was an author, chose to have a *morceau* from his classic pen to show to their sires and lovers.

"At one time, from the causes which we have stated and from the assenting and thoughtless smiles of one or two celebrated men, this individual gained a reputation for quaint wit. So quaint indeed does it appear to have been, that that it has not kept. It has grown so musty that it is no longer fit for use. . . . Charles Lamb, forsooth, thinks that such effusions as the 'Album Verses' will be equally service-

able to Mr. Moxon. . . . Delicious to the ear of Miss Jane Towers was, no doubt, the address of a poet who had never chanced to see her fair face. . . . Our only regret is that the book was not only clasped tight, but locked, however injurious the consequences might have been to poor Moxon.

"How far such a publisher as Mr. Moxon ought to be considered as an accomplice in your transgressions, is a question that would admit of no doubt.

"He ought to be adjudged the greatest offender of all; and the least degree of punishment assignable to such a convict should be to give him an hour or two in the hopper."

It will scarcely be believed that this could ever have been penned so lately as thirty years ago. Lamb, however, was not fairly open to the heavy charges of putting by or taking copies of all his light verses for the albums. Not long ago a gentleman found "John Woodvil" in a bookseller's window, with some verses on the fly-leaf, not included in the collected works.

"WHAT IS AN ALBUM?"

"September 7, 1830.*

"'Tis a book kept by modern young ladies for show,
Of which their plain grandmothers nothing did know;
A medley of scraps, half verse and half prose,
And some things not very like either, God knows.
The first, soft effusions of beaux and of belles,
Of future Lord Byrons, and sweet L. E. L.'s;
Where wise folks and simple both equally join,
And you write your nonsense that I may write mine.
Stick in a fine landscape, to make a display—
A flowerpiece, a foreground! all tinted so gay,
As Nature herself, could she see them, would strike
With envy, to think that she ne'er did the like;
And since some Lavaters, with headpieces comical,
Have agreed to pronounce people's heads physiognomical,
Be sure that you stuff it with autographs plenty,
All penned in a fashion so stiff and so dainty,
They no more resemble folk's ordinary writing,
Than lines penned with pains do extempore writing,
Or our every day countenance (pardon the stricture)

* Notes and Queries.

The faces we make when we sit for our picture;
Then have you, Madelina, an album complete,
Which may you live to finish, and I live to see it.

"C. LAMB."

Talfourd has only glanced at the rude treatment "John Woodvil" met with from the young *Edinburgh Review*; but a specimen of its past complacency, and almost boyish impudence in dealing with "Mr. Lamb," will be amusing. It is to the same note which Sidney Smith struck in the first number, where, dealing with Parr's sermons, and Parr's wig, telling of the "boundless convexity of friz" of the latter, and recovering the review out of a trance by removing the former to a distance. The play, say these agreeable wags—

"Introduces what we believe is a novelty on the stage, a peal of church bells giving their summons to morning service.

(A noise of bells heard.)

Margaret. — Hark the bells, John.

John. — Those are the church bells of St. Mary Ottery.

Margaret. — I know it.

John. — St. Mary Ottery, my native village, in the sweet shire of Devon.

Those are the bells."

"The exactness of John's information is of peculiar use; as Margaret, having been some time at Nottingham, may be supposed to have forgotten the name of the parish, and perhaps of the sweet shire itself; and the cautious and solemn iteration at the close, in an affair of so much moment gives an emphasis to the whole that is almost inimitable."

They then remark on the extraordinary development of "drunkenness" through the piece; and reading it over now, it must be confessed that this phase seems to recur a little often.

(Enter at another door, Three calling for Harry Freeman.)

'Harry Freeman! Harry Freeman!

He is not here. Let us go look for him.

Where is Freeman?

Where is Harry?

[Exeunt the Three, calling for Freeman.]

"We may here remark, as tending to increase the confusion so happily expressive of drunkenness, the ingenuity of the artifice by which four speeches are given to those persons, without stating to whom the fourth shall belong."

But a more severe stroke follows:—

"If the plot and character of 'John Woodvil' be not sufficient to establish its antiquity, its language will powerfully concur. The most ancient versification was probably very rude."

Then quoting a sentence from Burton, "which Mr. Lamb introduced, perhaps, as descriptive of his own composition:—"The fruit, issue, children, of these my morning meditations, have been certain crude, impolite, incomposite (what shall I say?) verses."

It must be said that a book of the class of "John Woodvil," coming out in our own day, and from the hand of a writer so obscure as Lamb then was, would have been a very tempting plot to be set before a critic.

"Elia" is a book of the sort that should be "eternae." Too much honour could not be paid to it typographically. There should be an "edition of luxury," with "toned paper," and new type, and "bevelled boards," and rich in illustrations. Apart from such dainties it would bear a commentary, and glosses, and scholia. Above all, one would like foot notes, with parallel passages, out of his letters and from his life. Thus, we remember his rambles on lending books, and his exception in favour of Coleridge. He says he enriches when he returns, furnishing splendid marginalia and MSS. notes, instancing rare old "Daniel," the English historian, and other names. Now it is curious that, not long ago, this very "Daniel," thus enriched, was brought to light; and in our proposed (Utopian it may be) annotated "Elia" we should have a reference to these notes.

Lovers of Leigh Hunt, who like to hear him chatter pleasantly in his *Tatler*, and *Indicator*, and *London Journal*, will remember the fond personal tone of criticism with which he dealt with favourite books, and the beauties of favourite books. He is like an epicurean over a choice dish. No doubt, like his friend Lamb, he was tempted to say grace before banquets of books, as before banquets of meat. This doting and almost succulent relish has something genuine in it; though Hunt seems to have been almost too catholic in his taste. He found some sort of beauty in every page almost. He scored profusely with his pencil. His welcome to the fifth edition of "The Tales from Shakespeare" is, in the fullest sense, of that quiet "purring" enjoyment with which he used to hang over a book he loved. In that pleasant daily "Tatler," "price one penny," whose motto was "*Veritas et varietas*," he speaks heartily and with beaming eyes:

"There is a certain neatness and painstaking in the vignettes to this volume, and a meritorious wish to make every figure tell. It is a pity the artist has made his figures so tall, and for the most part so weak in their bearing. The letterpress is delightful. The

beautiful simplicity of this series of tales made us, when a child, hold it, as we still do, one of our favourite books — one of the few we especially love, that we would carry on a journey or save from an accident. It is a book in every way calculated to diffuse the love of the great dramatist, which must have made Mr. Lamb conceive and accomplish his benignant and pleasant task." No one, in truth, so lovably appreciated "Elia" as Hunt. Here is the *London Journal*, where Hunt had "full swing," and could pour out his whims and fancies with the freest familiarity — a book of the most varied and agreeable reading we can find. Into this he copied choice bits of "Elia," with little introductions specially his own, as —

"[Here followeth, gentle reader, the immortal record of Mrs. Battle and her whist — a game which the author, as thou wilt see, wished that he could play for ever; and accordingly, in the deathless pages of his will, for ever will he play it. — Ed.]"

In another place he says affectionately, "We wish that the *London Journal* should contain whatever has been said in any quarters calculated to do honour to our excellent friend, and to increase the desire of the reading public to become acquainted with him." In this journal of his Leigh Hunt had a pleasant practice of reading a poem, as it were, aloud with his readers, and pointing out beauties to them by scoring special passages. The first of his selections from Lamb, and only the first, he read in this way, and it is of some little interest to see what strokes specially excited his imagination. He picks out the "Burial Society," underlining "what sting is there in death which the handle with the wrought gripes are not calculated to pluck away? — what victory in the grave which the drops and the velvet pall do not render at least extremely disputable?" — which, it will be recollected, refers to an undertaker's advertisement, and is exquisitely ludicrous. He also selects "ugly subjects," and the marvellous description of the old maid's supper set out for their party, which it is impossible to refrain from giving here: — "A sliver of ham, purposely contrived to be transparent to show the China dish through it, neighbouring a slip of invisible brown, which abuts upon something they call a tartlet, as that is bravely supported by an atom of marmalade, flanked in its turn by a grain of potted beef, with a power of such dishing minims of hospitality, spread in defiance of human nature, or rather with an utter ignorance of what it demands." Was there ever such a descrip-

tion, such exquisite contempt, as in the phrase "dishing minims of hospitality," and such cautious accuracy in the announcement that closes the sentence? "To be continued," the first of the specimens was prefaced, "until his works are gone through;" but, unhappily, the journal, like all Hunt's journals, was already tottering, and presently fell.

That was a very pretty trait of Charles Lamb, which is found in one of Hunt's *Indicators*, and which is worth pages of description; "and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio," as I once saw him do to Chapman's Homer." The same paper * gives us a charming sketch of Lamb among his books: — "I believe I did mention his bookroom to C. L., and I think he told me that he often sat there when alone. It would be hard not to believe him. His library, though not abounding in Greek and Latin, is anything but superficial. The depths of philosophy and poetry are there, the imminent passages of the human heart. It has some Latin too. It has also a handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is — a selection made at precious intervals from the book-stalls; now a Chaucer, at 9s. 2d.; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Browne, at 2s.; now a Jeremy Taylor, a Spinoza, an old English Dramatist, Prior, and Sir Philip Sidney, and the books are 'real as imputed.' The very perusal of the backs is 'a discipline of humanity.' There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old Radical friend; here Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden; there the lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the greater lamb, Sewell; there Guzman d'Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claim admitted. Even the 'high fantastical' Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honours."

All who recollect how Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, recurs to Charles Lamb, and recall his burlesque affection for that book, must see that he has been pouring this comic fancy into Leigh Hunt's ear.

But it has not been remarked what a curious likeness there is between this paper of Hunt's and Lamb's delightful paper on "Books and Reading," which, it must be said, appears to have been later in date. Leigh Hunt was then abroad in Italy, and his "Indicator," "My Books," appeared on the 5th of July, 1823. Now, Lamb's first "Elia" series was published in that very year; and if "Books and Reading" had

* Literary Examiner, No. 1; Indicator, No. 77.

been written he would have included it in his collection. It might have been that the odd fancies and even expressions might have been part of his daily and nightly talk—even of his letters, which he had poured out upon his friends, and which were vividly present to Hunt's mind. A few casual passages will show this singular resemblance. I am almost inclined to believe that we have actually thoughts of Lamb's, which, with a nicer sense, he dropped out of his own essay. In his relation to William Hone—the chatty and entertaining compiler of the "Every Day" and "Table Books"—Lamb comes out pleasantly. It was a sort of "Athenian oracle," or, better still, the "current notes" of the day; and there were correspondents who wrote and answered each other. The grateful dedication is worth preserving apart:—

"To Charles Lamb, esq.

"DEAR L.,—Your letter to me, written the first two months from the commencement of the present work, approving my notice of St. Chad's Well, and you afterwards daring to publish me your 'friend,' with your proper name annexed, *I shall never forget*. Nor can I forget your and Miss Lamb's sympathy and kindness when glooms outmastered me; and that *your pen* spontaneously sparkled in the book when my mind was in clouds and darkness. These 'trifles,' as each of you would call them, are benefits scored upon my heart; and I dedicate this volume to you and Miss Lamb with affectionate respect.

"W. HONE."

This speaks of a world of kindly and delicate acts, and very likely of pecuniary aid. With the good personality, which was a feature of his time, Hone brought them on in the very first month of his book:—"Yet Bridget and Elia live in our own times; she full of kindness to all, and of soothing to Elia especially; he no less kind and consoling to Bridget, in all simplicity holding converse with the world, and ever and anon giving us scenes that Motteux and Defoe would admire, and portraits that Denner and Hogarth would rise from their graves to paint."

Hone had described, and pleasantly described, the memoirs of Captain Starkey, "a fine uncut copy of which was *penes me*" (a favorite expression of Lamb's), and which in a few numbers after brought out some of that delightful "drollery" which, besides good as any official essay of Elia, furnishes a bit of biography really valuable. From it we find that both he and his sister went to a school where Starkey had been usher about a year before they came to it—a

room that looked into "a discoloured, dingy garden in the passage leading from Fetterlane into Bartlett's Buildings." "Heaven knows what languages were taught there. I am sure that neither my sister nor myself brought any out of it but a little of our native English."

Bird and Cook, he says, were the masters. Bird had "that peculiar mild tone—especially when he was inflicting punishment—which is so much more terrible to children than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent, but when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, whence we could only hear the complaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and solemnity." He then described the ferule—"that almost obsolete weapon now," and "the malignancy, in proportion to the apparent mildness with which its strokes were applied. To make him look more formidable—if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings—Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns formerly in use with school-masters, the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering." This is in Lamb's most delightful vein. So, too, with other incidents of the school. "Our little leaden inkstands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks;" and the theatrical "Cato," a reminiscence of which was supplied by Mary Lamb. "She describes the cast of the characters even now with relish. *Martha*, by the handsome Edgar Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa, and of whom she never afterwards heard tidings; *Lucia*, by Master Walker, whose sister was her particular friend; *Cato*, by John Hunter, a masterly declaimer, but a plain boy, and shorter by a head than his two sons in the scene," &c. This is charming, and in Lamb's freest, gayest manner. The whole paper should have been in Elia, just before the Christ's Hospital.

Later on he furnishes a little ramble, "*In re Squirrels*," beginning—"be it remembered that C. L. comes here and represents his relations," asking, "what is gone with the cages, with the climbing squirrel, and bells to them, which were formerly the indispensable appendage to the outside of a tinman's shop, and were, in fact, the only live signs? One, we believe, still hangs out on Holborn; but they are fast vanishing with the good old modes of our ancestors."

A correspondent, Tim Tims, gossiping about the ass, brings out Lamb again to plead for this suffering servant. Nature did prudently "in furnishing him with a teg-

ument impervious to ordinary stripes His back offers no mark to a puny foeman. To a common whip or switch his side presents an absolute insensibility His jerkin is well fortified. . . . Contemplating this natural safeguard, his fortified exterior, it is with pain I view the sleek, foppish, combed, and curried person of this animal as he is transmuted and disnaturalized at watering places, &c., where they affect to make a palfrey of him. Fie on all such sophisticating. It will never do, Master Groom! Something of his honest shaggy exterior will peep up in spite of you — his good, rough, native pineapple coating."

Pineapple coating! How truly after Lamb's mind, the deceit in suggesting an agreeable image, which, on a second's reflection, shows as quite a different idea. Nothing, too, is more remarkable in him than his airy and special use of the "&c."

Next, we have a little snatch of verse, called "Rural Musings": —

"Margaret. — What sports do you use in the forest?"

"Simon. — Not many. Some few, as thus: —
To see the sun to bed and to arise,
Like some hot amorist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy hands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fire and travelling glories round him."

But, surpassing these specimens is a little scene in the second volume, which shows us Lamb himself in one of his best attitudes, at a stall, "Rummaging over the contents of an old stall, at a half book, half old iron shop, in 94, Alley, leading from Wardenstreet to Soho, yesterday, I lit upon a ragged duodecimo, which had been the strange delight of my infancy. . . . The price demanded was sixpence, which the owner (a little squab duodecimo of a character himself) enforced with the assurance that his own mother should not have it for a farthing less. On my demurring to this extraordinary assertion, the dirty little vender re-enforced his assertion with a sort of oath, which seemed more than the occasion demanded: 'and now (said he) I have put my soul to it.' Pressed by so solemn an asseveration, I could no longer resist a demand which seemed to set me, however unworthy, upon a level with his dearest relations; and, depositing a tester, I bore away the tattered prize in triumph." It turned out a delusion, but he thought it would have been a treat for "friend Hone." Another instance of Lamb's tender delicacy, as he knew Hone had been already pleased at being called "friend" by him.

He is again "brought out" by an allusion to Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, whom he had met and seen at his dwelling. "A strong odour of burnt bones, I remember, blending with the scent of horse-flesh reeking into dog's meat, and only relieved a little by the breathings of a few brick-kilns, made up the atmosphere." This is one of Lamb's wonderful "gatherings" of oddness; and even the quaint position of the word "I remember," is worthy of study. "If a few boys followed him," he goes on, "it seemed rather from habit than in expectation of fun. . . . What faults he had I know not. I have heard something of a piccadillo or so. But some little deviations from the precise line of rectitude might have been winked at in so tortuous and stigmatic a frame."

In the "Table Book" he wrote the well-known "Specimens," and his little note to "friend Hone," introducing them is in his own airy key. "Imagine," he says, speaking of himself in the British Museum, "the luxury to one like me . . . of sitting in the princely apartments, for such they are, of poor condemned Montague House, which I predict will not be speedily followed by a handsomer; and calling at will the flower of some thousand dramas. It is like having the range of a nobleman's library, with the librarian to your friend." (Mark, to your friend.) "Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the gentleman who has the chief direction of the reading-rooms here; and you have scarce to ask for a volume before it is laid before you." These were happy days indeed for the readers.

We may stop here a moment, to put side by side with this sketch a little note which I have found in an old *Gentleman's Magazine*. The editor then perfectly remembered Charles sitting there, and making his extracts, and Miss Lamb "doing us the honour of showing us her brother's MSS. previous to publication." He also recollected "her incredulity and good-natured peevishness," when he informed her that he also possessed most of the plays from which Lamb had so laboriously made his selection. It was scarcely good-natured information.*

There is a letter addressed to Charles Lamb

* The same hand writes in another place: — "Mr. L., in his own style, hath neither peer nor follower. We hope he is now quietly seated in the company he likes, Burton, Fuller, and Ben Jonson, with, perhaps, Old Burbage and Penkethmans dropping in. We shall never forget our suppers at Islington — Miss Lamb (truly Agna Dei) opening the door, and Lamb preceding us up stairs.

'Summum proper ibat Lambere tectum.'"

on the score of the "Turk in Cheapside," recommending the oriental as a subject. The imitation is good. "Methinks you would handle the subject delightfully. They tell us he is gone." But he did not accept the invitation. He also took up an ambiguous question on Maid Marian—wrote a bit of fairy imagery on the Defeat of Time. These, with a few sonnets, are his contributions—gratuitous of course—to "friend Hone's" collection. They are as gay and delightful as anything he has written.†

The reckless coterie in young *Blackwood* were a little embarrassed between their admiration of one who was after their own heart, and their political fury against the "crew" to which he belonged. They were nettled at Hunt's rude admiration of him. "Charles Lamb," he wrote, in 1818, "a single one of whose speculations on humanity is worth all the half-way-house gabblings of critics on the Establishment." This strange phrase infuriated them; yet they found out excuses for Lamb. "Probably his good-nature," they wrote, "endures their quackery." But later a pseudo Doctor Petre wrote a furious letter on some paper in the *London*, not knowing it to be Elia's: calling, too, the paper on "April Fools," "columns of mere inanity and very cockneyism." In the "Noctes" they discussed the magazines of the day, and Buller asks—"Taylor and Hessey's Magazine—is it better?"

TICKLER.

"Sometimes much better and often much worse. Elia in his happiest mood delights me; he is a fine soul; but when he is dull, his dullness sets human stupidity at defiance. He is like a well-bred, ill-trained pointer. He has a fine nose; but he won't or can't range. He keeps always close to your foot, and then he points larks and titmice."

By-and-by he was on the staff, and was dotting its pages with little delicate sonnets, signed with his delicate "C.L." Some of them are not included in his collected works, as the "lines written in consequence of hearing of a young man that had voluntarily starved himself to death on Skid-daw." But a more important contribution, which I think has not been enough noticed, is one entire farce, which figures a little inappropriately in one of the numbers. It is called "The Pawnbroker's Daughter." The plot, it must be said, is a little forced, and the humour rather in the tone of the

old dramatist. It turns upon a pawnbroker's daughter running away: and on a sentimental butcher, called "Cutlet," who says, "reach me down the book off the shelf where the shoulder of veal hangs!" but, most curiously, it has the original draught of the later essay "on the inconveniences of being hanged," in a character called "Pendulous," a situation which seems to have struck him in some specially humorous light. There is this difference, however, that the lady he loves is anxious to put herself on a perfect equality, by being arrested and tried; and there is something of Lamb's jerking humour in the following finish to the play:—

"Just. (to *Pendulous*).—You were, then, tried at York?"

"Pen.—I was—CAST.

"Just.—Condemned?"

"Pen.—EXECUTED.

"Just.—How?"

Pen.—CUT DOWN AND CAME TO LIFE AGAIN. False delicacy, adieu. . . . we are now on even terms.

"Miss F.—And may—

"Pen.—Marry;—I know it was your word.

"Miss F.—And make a very quiet—

"Pen.—Exemplary—

"Miss F.—Agreeing pair of—

"Pen.—ACQUITTED FELONS!"

There is also a Cockney song of Lamb's, in many verses, the first of which runs:—

"A weeping Londoner I am,
A washerwoman was my dam,
She bred me up in a cockloft,
And fed my mind with sorrows soft."

Mr Patmore came into possession of a drama or opera written by Lamb, the genuineness of which there seems no reason to doubt. The scene was laid in Gibraltar, and from the characters and little hints of the plot furnished by the description of the character, seems to have been suggested by the tone of the "Wonder," and "Bold Stroke for a Husband." *Lovelace*, "a man of fortune, refused by *Violeta*, enlists for a soldier, and goes for Gibraltar." *Violeta* has gone out, too, disguised as an officer. There is Captain *Lapelle* and Mrs. *Lapelle*, with whom *Bloomer*, an aide-de-camp of the Governor, is in love—a Welsh officer and a Scotch officer—and characteristic of Lamb—a wider denomination of character—"Trulls," &c. But it seems true, that broad open, rough humour was not Lamb's strength; and as "Mr. H——" failed, so would have failed "The Pawnbroker's Daughter" and this Gibraltar opera.

In Mr. Patmore's rather attenuated recollections, he comes out pleasantly and

† They only want a word or touch of correction here and there (which he himself would have furnished) when the same word reads too closely.

consistently with the accounts. Once he used to wear a snuff-coloured suit, which brought out Wordsworth in this description:—

"But who is he with modest looks
And clad in homely russet brown,
Who murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than his own?
He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove;
And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love."

This seems almost a portrait of Lamb, and was, no doubt, as amusing to him as Coleridge's expression of the "gentle-hearted Charles." Later he took to a complete perfect black, with "smalls" and silk stockings, such as we see him in the curious portrait in *Fraser's Magazine*. This odd portrait looks characteristic, presenting him at his table, with his knees gathered in, and a folio "tilted up" before him, with two candles, and the perilous decanter at hand. The head was disproportionately large to the little frame. He had black crisp hair standing up straight, a large nose, hooked—a wonderful eye—a yet more wonderful smile of sweetness, which threw his friends into delight. One who was a sort of Boswell to Coleridge, has said that a certain "Mr. Harmon, of Throgmorton-street," a stock-broker, had precisely the same smile, which furnished a text for some delightful, speculative rambling on the part of Coleridge, who tried to account for this coincidence. It was said there was a decidedly Jewish cast in his face. He himself used to maintain—not in his fanciful sonnet—that his proper family name was Lomb; and from this feeling he took the title Elia.

Every lover of Elia, and every reader of Lamb's life, will be prepared to associate with his house at Islington some of the most delightful evenings that could be conceived. Such would be accepted as the best human exemplar of the "Noctes Cænæque Divûm." We would hardly be prepared to hear that those charming nights had "degenerated" into a sort of show place, where empty heads and "impertinents" came to stare, because many were eager to get admission, and to say that they had spent "an evening with the Lambs." Further, that the host himself was a stupid, unentertaining sort of man; and his sister used to "bustle and pother about like a gentle housewife, to make everybody comfortable;" but that "you might as well have been in the apartments of any other clerk of the India House, for anything you heard that was deserving of

note or recollection.*" With the common run of people he was odd, extravagant, grotesque, and unnatural; as Hazlitt said, "always on a par with his company, whether high or low." But to see the *true* man, we should see him with one or two dear friends, when, we are told, he was perfectly natural, and made no violent puns or strange speeches. Strangers, therefore, generally took away with them an impression as of something odd and buffooning, and even disagreeable.

One of his most delightful letters is to this Mr. Patmore:—"Dear P," it ran, "I am so poorly. I have been to a funeral, where I made a pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners. And we had wine. I can't describe to you the howl which his widow set up at proper intervals. . . . O I am so poorly. I *waked* it at my cousin's, the book-binder, who is now with God; or if he is not, it's no fault of mine.

"We hope the French wines do not disagree with Mrs. Patmore. By the way, I like her. . . . Christ—how sick I am!—not of the world but of the widow's stout.

"She's sworn under £6,000; but I think she perjured herself. . . . 'No shrimps!' (That's in answer to Mary's question about how her soles are to be done.) . . . What you mean by *poste restante* God knows. Do you mean I must pay the postage? . . . Procter has got a wen growing out of the nape of his neck, which his wife wants him to have cut off; but I think it rather an agreeable ex-crescence." These are only scraps out of a most wonderful letter full of a boisterous and delightful extravagance.†

From the same source we learn some traits of Lamb really characteristic—how, when he boarded with a sort of "save-all," Mrs. Leisham, at Enfield, who "screwed" every penny out of him that boarding could screw. She, on settling day, made a charge of sixpence for the extra sugar that Wordsworth put in his tea. How he told of his embarrassment when a poetical youth in the country, corresponding with him, enclosed his miniature; and above all, what seems to be a genuine trait of his nature and habits:—a friend would come in, not opportunely, and find Lamb, as in "The *Fraser Sketch*," with his folio "tilted up" before him, reveling in, say Sir Thomas Browne or old Davenant: it would be a friend whom he would be really glad to see; yet it was an interruption; he would have preferred going on

* Patmore.

† This letter is not given in "Talfourd."

with Sir Thomas Browne; and his anxiety to disguise any appearance of this "unwelcome" made him fidgety, and bustling, and unnaturally hospitable. This is quite conceivable. A *cento* of stories was submitted to him in MSS.; and his marginalia are very pleasant. Thus:—" 'Pleasurable.' No word is good that is awkward to spell."

" 'Looking like a heifer' I fear would do in prose. . . . I should prefer 'garlanded with flowers, as for a sacrifice,' and cut the cow altogether." " 'Apathetic.' Vile word." " 'Mechanically.' Faugh! insensibly—involuntarily—in-anythingly, but mechanically!" " 'Reaction' is vile slang." " 'Physical.' Vile word."*

Thomas Moore met Lamb two or three times at breakfast and dinner; and it is amusing to see the "not bad!" air of patronage and doubtful approbation with which the poet received his efforts. He plainly considered him a jester, a little above Hood or Hook. He introduced him at a Mr. Monkhouse's, an amphytrion, who was glad to furnish good dinners and perfect silence for the pleasure of having such men at his table. Wordsworth stayed with him, and Moore came to dine with Wordsworth, without knowing this Mr. Monkhouse. It was a prodigious party, for there were Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb and his sister. "A clever fellow, certainly," says Mr. Moore, "but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he mis-carries of every minute." He told of his saying, on a young barrister getting his first brief, "Thou first great cause least understood." He praised Defoe's "Colonel Jack" warmly, and told Moore that he got £170 for two years' *London Magazine* contributions; "I thought more," writes Moore; and certainly it seems a slender payment. But the most delightfully characteristic of Moore's recollections, and deliciously after the Lamb manner, is the whim of making a collection of all the authors mentioned in the "Dunciad!" This is a real bit of Elia, translated into practical life—transmuted into the concrete, and that, too, without losing the bloom.

When he got with Haydon, the luckless painter of a "broad canvas," some one said they were like a pair of boys. The boisterous scene told in Haydon's diary, and told with such animation, of the simple comptroller of stamps, who had corresponded with Wordsworth, and who met him, unluckily, when Lamb was present, is admirable. The comptroller asked the poet the wonder-

ful question, "Don't you think, sir, Newton was a great genius?" when Lamb rose, and taking up a candle, said, politely, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" Then, at every remark of the poor comptroller, chaunted—

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on."

Quite in the same way is his humorous treatment of the poet whose friend had submitted some newly-published verses to his inspection. He was to meet the gentleman at dinner, and the poems were shown to Lamb a little before the author's arrival. When he came he proved to be empty and conceited. During dinner Lamb fell into the delightful drollery of saying, now and again, "That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young," and then quoted a line or two which he recollected, from the gentleman's book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lamb, immensely diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of "Paradise Lost," "Of man's first disobedience," as also written by himself, which actually brought the gentleman on his feet, bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pillaged. This seems to be one of the best stories about Lamb, and the situation one in which he would have revelled.

A lady once bored him a good deal—"Such a charming man! I know him! Bless him!" To her, Charles, after repetition of this encomium, "I know him," "Well, I don't—but d—n him at a hazard." The "dipping" story, as illustrative of Lamb's stammer, is well known. "I am to be d-d-dipped," he said to the bathing men. "All right, sir," and he was plunged forthwith. He came up gasping "I am to be di-di-pp-e-d," and he went down again. The third time he got it out—"only once." To some one, talking of matter-of-fact men, he announced gravely "now I am a matter-of-lie man." So, too, his taking his pipe out of his mouth, to ask a disputant "did he mean to contend that a thief was not a good man?" So, too, his calling Voltaire a very good Messiah—for the French. So, too, his judgment on clever women. Mrs. Mulbald he pronounced the "only endurable clever woman he ever knew." A domestic talk with Miss Lamb, on his asking a friend: "Charles, who is Mr. Pitman?" "A clerk in the India House." "Then why ask him and give up the others—older friends?" "Pitman," said Charles, "was always civil."

*Patmore's "My Friends and Acquaintances."

When the smoking club at Don Saltero was broken up he offered me all the ornaments and apparatus, which I declined, and therefore I asked him here to-night. I never could bear to give pain. Have I not been called the gentle-hearted Charles when I was young, and shall I now derogate?"

We can almost hear him gravely arguing this point.

His puns must, we may fancy, have been the least agreeable phase of his wit. "I'll Lamb-pun him," however, is truly characteristic; besides we should hear the voice, the struggle for utterance, and see the face, and the bright eye and smile. Good, too, were the puns after Swift's manner — deriving the name of the Man-t-chou Tartars, from their cannibal habits; and that of the Chinese Celtes, from sell-teas.*

The reader will be glad to see a stray letter of his, not "collected," and the like of which is not to be found in any "Complete letter-writer," under the form of acknowledging books from a publisher. He is writing thanks for the "Maid of Elwar," by Cunningham, and for Barry Cornwall's songs:—†

"Thank you for the books. I am ashamed to take tithe thus of your press. I am worse to a publisher than the two universities of the Brit. Mus. 'A. C.' I will forthwith read. 'B. C.' (I can't get out of the A, B, C) I have more than read. Taken together, 'tis too Lovey. But what delicacies! I like most 'King Death.' Glorious 'bove all 'The Lady with the Hundred Rings,' 'The Owl,' 'Reply to what's his name' (here maybe, I'm partial), 'Sit down, sad Soul,' 'The Pauper Jubilee' (but that's old, and yet 'tis never old), 'The Falcon,' 'Felon's wife,' 'Dannu,' 'Mdm. Paisley;' but that is borrowed—

Apple pie is very good,
And so is apple pastry,
But,

O Lord, 'tis very naisty —

but chiefly in Dramatic Fragments, scarce three of which should have escaped my specimens had an antique name been prefixed. They exceed his first. So much for the manner of poetry; now to the serious business of life. Up a court (Blandford-court) in Pall-mall, exactly at the back of Marlboro' House, with house-gate in front, and containing two houses, at No. 2 did lately live Leishman, my tailor. He is moved somewhere in the neighbourhood — devil knows where. Pray find him out and give him the opposite. I am so much better, though my hand shakes in writing it, that after next Sunday I can see F. and you. Can you throw B. C. in? Why tarry the wheels of my Hogarth?"

* Letters and recollections of Coleridge.

† This letter is from the Athenæum.

He delighted in children, and in telling them strange, wild stories. No doubt, he liked to see their trusting, wondering little faces as he told. A young girl, daughter of a late dramatist, was often taken out by him on a day's junketting; and she has told how they never passed a punch's show, but stopped and sat on the steps and saw them all in succession. But there were, unhappily, other things which he could not pass by either; and she was left outside many a gin-palace while he went in. Of this sad weakness there can be no question. It is best in such cases not to resort to well-meaning and weak palliation, but to own the truth honestly.

Allusion has been made to his friendship with Haydon. When the luckless controller had his head so comically examined by Lamb, that inspection took place in presence of the painter's "Jerusalem." Lamb celebrated that work in another way, sending some Latin lines to "The Champion":—

"In tabulam eximii pictoris R. B. Haydoni in qua solymeei adveniente domino Palmas in via prosternentes mira arte depinguntur.

Quid vult iste equitans? et quid velit iste viro-
rum

Palmifera ingens turba et vox terque brinda
Hosanna?

Hosanna Christo semper, semperque canamus.

Palma fuit semel Pictor celeberrimus olim;

Sed palmam cedat, modo si feret ille superstes

Palma Haydone tibi: tu palmas omnibus au-
fers.

Palma negata macrum, donataque reddit opi-
mum

Si simul incipiat cum fama increscere corpus

Tu cito pinguesces, fies et amicule, obesus.

Affectant lauros pictores atque poetæ,

Sin laurum invideant (siquis tibi) laurigerentes

Pro lauro palma virid anti tempora ligas.

"CAROLAGNULUS."

"TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

"What rider's that? and who those myriads
bringing

Him on his way, with palms, Hosannah sing-
ing?

Hosannah to the Christ — Heaven, earth should
still be ringing?

In days of old, Old Palma won renown,

But Palma's self must yield the painter's
crown,

Haydon, to thee. The palms put every other
down.

If Flaccus' sentence with the truth agree,

'That palms awarded make men plump to be,
Friend Horace, Haydon soon shall match in
bulk with thee.

* These were contributed to "Notes and Queries" by Mr. Elmes, of Greenwich.

Painters with poets for the laurel vie;
But should the laureate band thy claims deny,
Wear thou thine own green palm, Haydon,
triumphantly.

"C. L."

How delightful that little diminutive, "Carolagnulus." It is almost sweeter than his own English names. Lamb's life has, indeed, to be written. The materials have grown prodigiously. As an instance of unexplored grounds, Cottle mentions seeing a Miss Nutford's "portfolios piled up and filled with letters of Lamb, Southey," &c. These, it may be suspected, have not been

used. There are some scraps, and odds and ends of thoughts and speculations — which he called "table-talk" — which found their way to the Athenæum shortly after his death. They are headed, dismally and oddly, "By the late Elia." Like everything of his, they have a character. To the same journal he contributed the year of his death some criticisms on the modern English painters and their want of imagination, leading off with the wild gigresque of "M." — Martin — and his tribe of "Belshazzar's Feasts" and "Last Judgments."

THE DEAD LANGUAGE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF GIFFORD.

TAKING sweet counsel, heart from heart,
Walking life's by-road, with Love for guide,
All the good gifts he alone can impart,
Grew, like the flowers their path beside.
Narrow their world, but sunny its airs,
Full of small joys, that were great to them,
Transient sorrows and simple cares
(Burs on youth's glittering raiment-hem);
And innocent hopes, that loomed so large
Thro' the purple mist of their morning-prime,
That a kingdom's fate or an empire's charge
Had laid less weight on the busy time.
Living their life — dreaming their dream —
Thus flowed the golden hours away,
Shining and swift as the lapsing stream
In the sand-glass turned by a child in play.

They had a language that mocked at rules,
A foolish tongue that was all their own;
Its words had values unknown to schools —
Dear for the sake of a look or tone.
Learned it was not, nor was it wise,
Yet it had purport earnest and true,
Full of such playful metonymies!
Figures — which love and the hearer knew;
Gay ellipsis — that left to the guess
Tender half-meanings; metaphor bold;
Fond hyperbole — saying far less
Than the heart held or the kind eyes told;
Strange pet-names that were nouns unknown,
Epithets — mocking the love-charmed ears,
Verbs — that had roots in the heart alone,
Jests — whose memories now bring tears.

For the "strong hours" came, that come to all,
Bearing away on their stormy wings
All the poor treasures, great and small,
Love had amassed as his precious things;

All the rare joys, on the path they trod,
And the cares that look so like joys, when
past —

When one great grief — like the serpent-rod —
Hath swallowed all lesser griefs at last:
All the rich harvest of mutual thought,
The sweet life-memories — reaped in vain,
And last — the language that Love had
taught, —
Ne'er to be uttered nor heard again.
One was taken — the other left;
Where was the use of that idle ore?
Bury it deep in the heart bereft,
Ne'er to be uttered, nor needed more!

"What doth it matter? solemn and sweet
Is the communion the True Life brings;
Love needs no symbols where next we meet,
Hath it not put away earthly things?
How should we want these foolish words —
Dear as they were to the mortal heart,
Burthened with love, whose weakness affords
No way else its strength to impart?"

Was it not *thus* we had longed to be —
Heart and spirit and feeling bare,
True thought to true thought springing free,
As flame leaps to flame in the fervid air?
So shall our spirits meet, unbound,
Freed from the clog of this stifling clay —
Knowing the depths we had sought to sound,
Sure of the love we had tried to say."

So the heart reasons, and reasons well,
Knowing its bitterness, owning its gain —
(Ah! must the *pressure-pain* linger still,
All that is left of a broken chain?)
— Restless, rebellious, it "asketh signs,"
Blind to the fire-cross o'er us hung,
And — deaf to the quiring angels — pines
For one poor word of that lost Love-Tongue!
— *Dublin University Magazine.*

From the Washington Chronicle.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST DECADE
OF THE REPUBLIC, FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JUDGE IREDELL.

THOSE acquainted with the history of the judiciary of the United States are familiar with the name of James Iredell, of North Carolina, one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, nominated by Washington and confirmed by the Senate on February 10, 1790.

Solid in his acquirements, genial in social intercourse, and of great integrity, he won the respect of associates on the bench, and his influence among the people extended far beyond the confines of North Carolina.

He died in 1799, a few weeks before the President who had selected him expired at Mount Vernon.

In the year 1858 his life and correspondence was published by Appleton & Company, and attracted little notice; but now that a civil war has darkened the horizon, the second volume can be perused with interest, containing, as it does, so many letters, written to his wife and intimate friends, pertaining to the formation of the Constitution, and the social and public life of the statesmen of the first decade after its adoption.

Richard Dobbs Spaight, writing to Iredell, from Philadelphia, on August 12, 1787, says:

The convention having agreed upon the outlines of a plan of government for the United States, referred it to a small committee to detail. That committee have reported, and the plan is now under consideration. I am in hopes we shall be able to get through it by the 1st or 15th of September. It is not probable that the United States will in future be so ideal as to risk their happiness upon the unanimity of the whole, and thereby put it in the power of one or two States to defeat the most salutary propositions and prevent the Union from rising out of that contemptible situation to which it is at present reduced.

There is no man of reflection who has maturely considered what must and will result from the weakness of our present Federal Government, and the tyrannical and unjust proceedings of most of the State governments if longer persevered in, but must sincerely wish for a strong and efficient national government.

We may naturally suppose that all those persons who are possessed of popularity in the different States, and which they make use of, not for the public benefit, but for their private emolument, will oppose any system of this kind.

The Convention agreed to the Constitution on September 17, 1787, and transmitted it to Congress, who ordered it to be submitted

to a convention of delegates chosen in each State by the people thereof.

With his whole heart Iredell urged its adoption by the people of North Carolina.

The address of the grand jury of Edenton District, prepared by him, says:

We admire in the new constitution a proper jealousy of liberty mixed with a due regard to the necessity of a strong, authoritative government.

Such a one is requisite for a confederated as for a single government, since it would not be more ridiculous or futile for our own Assembly to depend for a sanction to its laws on a unanimous concurrence of all the counties in the States, than for Congress to depend, for any necessary execution of power, on the unanimous concurrence of all the States in the Union.

He also issued an admirable pamphlet in answer to Mr. Mason's objections to the Constitution.

North Carolina was, however, tardy in adopting the Constitution, and Dr. William-son, a member of Congress from that State, writes from New York on August 23, 1788:

By letters from sundry correspondents it appears that North Carolina has at length thrown herself out of the Union, but she happily is not alone; the large, upright, and respectable State of Rhode Island is her associate. This circumstance, however, does not, I hope, render it necessary that the delegates from North Carolina should profess a particular affection for the delegates from Rhode Island. That State was some days ago represented by a Mr. Arnold, who keeps a little tavern ten miles out of Providence; and a Mr. Hazard, the illiterate quondam skipper of a coasting vessel.

The 4th of March, 1789, was the time appointed for the first meeting of Congress in the city of New York under the new Constitution, but there was not a quorum present in the Senate until the 6th of April. John Adams was installed as Vice President on the 21st, and on Friday, the 30th, Chancellor Livingston administered the oath to Washington as the first President, amid the acclamations of thousands.

An English gentleman writes to Iredell that since the inauguration —

I have constantly attended the debates of the House of Representatives, and have received great pleasure from observing the liberality and spirit of mutual concession which appears to actuate every member. I have not observed the least attempt to create a party or divide the House by setting up the Southern in opposition to the Eastern interest, except in Mr. Jackson, from Georgia, the violence of whose passions sometimes hurries him into expressions which have, or appear to have, such a tendency. The members all appear to be very able men, particularly a Mr. Ames, from Massachusetts, who,

notwithstanding he is a very young man, delivers his sentiments with the greatest ease and propriety, and in the most eloquent language of any man in the House.

As for Madison, of whom I have formed the highest expectations, I have had very little opportunity of forming an opinion, for whenever he has spoken while I have been attending it has been in so low a tone of voice that I could not well distinguish what he said. His voice appears too defective for so large a man.

Iredell's fast friend was Pierce Butler, United States Senator from South Carolina, with whom he had been acquainted from early manhood. The Senator writes from New York, under date of August 11, 1789:

Am I to hope for the satisfaction of seeing my friend on the floor of the Senate?

The Southern interest calls loud for some such man as Mr. Iredell to represent it — to do it justice.

I am almost afraid to enter upon the subject of the Constitution; yet I will confess to you, from whom I can conceal nothing, that I am materially disappointed. I find locality and partiality reign as much in our Supreme Legislature as they could in a county court or state Legislature.

Never was a man more egregiously disappointed than I am. I came here full of hopes that the greatest liberality would be exercised; that the consideration of the whole and general good would take the place of every other object; but here I find men scrambling for partial advantages, State interests, and, in short, a train of those narrow, impolitic measures, that must, after a while, shake the Union to its very foundation.

I once fondly thought that we should, by our example, contradict the assertion of Mr. Gillies, the Grecian historian, and evince to the monarchies of the East and mankind in general that there can exist such a thing as a free, tranquil, and happy Republic, securing to the individual his dearest rights.

But, indeed, I am more than short sighted if we shall do so, unless we very soon turn from the error of our ways, and determine to feel for all alike. I write freely to you, but my opinions are only for you. Perhaps I am something like the fox in the fable; having lost my own tail, I wish North Carolina to do likewise.

I confess I wish you to come into the Confederacy, as the only chance the Southern interest has to preserve a balance of power.

In November, 1789, North Carolina adopted the Constitution in convention by a majority of one hundred and eighteen, and Samuel Johnston, the presiding officer, was chosen, by the Legislature, United States Senator.

Johnston wrote to Iredell, from New York, on February 1, 1790, as follows:

I have just returned from dining at the Pres-

ident's with a very respectable company, the Vice President, the Judges of the Supreme Court and Attorney General, the Secretary of War, and a number of others.

The President inquired particularly after you, and spoke of you in a manner that gave me great pleasure.

A few days after this, Iredell was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

At the August term, his commission being read, he was qualified according to law.

Removing to Philadelphia, he received much attention from its citizens, and the letters written at that time are full of the correct news of the day.

On July 30, 1793, he wrote to a lady friend:

We have lately had a very afflicting death in this city. Mrs. Lear, wife of Mr. Lear, the President's secretary, died on Sunday last, after a short but very severe illness. She was only twenty-three, and beloved and respected by all who knew her, and she and her husband had been fond of each other from infancy. He attended the funeral himself, and so did the President and Mrs. Washington. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jefferson, General Knox, Judge Wilson, Judge Peters, and myself were pall-bearers.

On February 26, 1796, he describes to Mrs. Iredell, Alexander Hamilton's argument before the Supreme Court upon the constitutionality of the carriage tax. His letter is as follows:

The day before yesterday Mr. Hamilton spoke in our court, attended by the most crowded audience I ever saw there, both Houses of Congress being almost deserted on the occasion.

Though he was in very ill health, he spoke with astonishing ability, and in a most pleasing manner, and was listened to with the profoundest attention. His speech lasted about three hours. It was on the question whether the carriage tax as laid was a constitutional one.

In one part of it he affected me extremely. Having occasion to observe how proper a subject it was for taxation, since it was a mere article of luxury, which a man might either use or not as was convenient to him, he added, "It so happens that I once had a carriage myself, and found it convenient to dispense with it. But my happiness is not in the least diminished."

I dined in company with him yesterday. He was still very unwell, but better.

Governor Johnson of North Carolina, alluding to the vacant chief justiceship, caused by Mr. Jay's becoming Governor of New York, says, in a letter:

I am sorry that Mr. Cushing refused the office of chief justice, as I don't know whether a less exceptional character can be obtained without passing over Mr. Wilson, which would, perhaps,

be a measure that could not be easily reconciled to strict propriety. I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Chase, but I am not impressed with a very favorable opinion of his moral character, whatever his professional ability may be.

On the 4th of March, 1796, Iredell writes to his wife:

I have this moment read in a newspaper that Mr. Ellsworth is nominated our Chief Justice, in consequence of which I think it not unlikely Wilson will resign. But this is only my own conjecture, and therefore I wish you not to mention it.

On February 9, 1797, he writes from Philadelphia a gossip letter to his wife, from which we make a few extracts:

I arrived here on Saturday extremely well. Some very melancholy scenes have taken place among our friends in Front street. Mrs. Barclay died the evening before my arrival, and Mrs. Duffield, our excellent friend, that very morning. * * * I saw the President and Mrs. Washington on Tuesday, and am to dine there to-day. They are both extremely well. Mrs. Washington desired her best respects to you.

Mr. Adams was yesterday declared in form President, and Mr. Jefferson Vice President. Mr. Adams made a short address, which I am told was very touching.

It is beyond a doubt that Mr. Jefferson will serve, and I am told during the election both gentlemen spoke with great personal esteem of each other, and that Mr. Jefferson declared he did not think the choice could fall on a fitter man than Mr. Adams. Mrs. Adams is not yet here. They are to reside in the house occupied by General Washington.

On the 17th of the same month he writes again:

I am told to-night will be Mrs. Washington's last drawing-room. I intend going, if only for a few minutes, but shall be much moved. The Vice President's taking leave of the Senate, I am told, was a very affecting scene the day before yesterday.

On the 24th, in another letter to his wife, he says:

The President's birth-day was celebrated here with every possible mark of attachment, rendered affecting beyond all expression by its being in some degree a parting scene.

Mrs. Washington was moved even to tears, with the mingled emotions of gratitude for such strong proofs of public regard, and the new prospect of the uninterrupted enjoyment of domestic life, she expressed herself something to this effect.

I never saw the President look better or in finer spirits; but his emotions were too powerful to be concealed. He could sometimes scarce-

ly speak. Three rooms of his house were almost entirely full from 12 M. to 3 P. M., and such a crowd at the door it was difficult to get in.

On March 10, 1797, he writes to Samuel Tredwell:

There is every appearance of harmony between the President and Vice President, who lodge together and appear on very friendly terms. God grant it may continue, and serve to allay that vile party spirit which does so much injury to our country.

I was present at the affecting scene on Saturday, when the new President was sworn in. General Washington attended, as a private gentleman, and was the first after the President's return to wait upon him, though such a concourse of people attended him that it was with difficulty he reached the lodgings.

The crowd waited for him until he came out, and then accompanied him to his own house, with unbounded applause. * * *

General Washington and his family left town yesterday.

In 1797, The State Rights party in Virginia was as treasonable in their utterances against the General Government as during the contest that placed Mr. Lincoln in the Presidential chair.

Judge Iredell held a term of court in Richmond this year, and in his charge before the grand jury, on May 22, thus alludes to the divisive spirit then prevalent:

To you, gentlemen, are committed prosecutions for offences against the United States.

The object is the preservation of Union, without which, undoubtedly, we should not now be enjoying the rights of an independent people, and without the support of which it is vain to think we can enjoy them.

This country has great energies for defence, and by supporting each other might defy the world.

But, if we disunite—if we suffer differences of opinion to corrode into enmity, jealousy to rankle into distrust, weak men to delude by their folly, abandoned men to disturb the order of society by their crimes—we must expect nothing but a fate as ruinous as it would be disgraceful—that of inviting some foreign nation to foment and take advantage of our internal discords, *first making us the dupe, then the prey of an ambition we excited by our divisions*, and to which those divisions, if continued, must inevitably give success.

The famous Kentucky resolutions are spoken of in a letter of ex-Governor Johnston, of North Carolina, to Iredell:

Two or three days ago the Governor laid before the House of Commons [of N. C.] a string of resolves from Kentucky, prefaced with a most indecent and violent philippic on the measures of the General Government. The Commons sent them up to the Senate, who, after with

great impatience hearing them read, ordered them to lie on the table; and I believe, in the temper they were then in, might easily have been prevailed upon to have thrown them into the fire, which was proposed in whispers by several near me.

We close these extracts with a few from a letter to Mrs. Iredell, written in 1799, the year in which the Judge and Washington both departed this life:

Could I have ventured to stay at Alexandria, I should probably have seen General Washington, as he was to be in town next day.

He and his family are well, and Miss Custis is going to be married to a Major Lewis, a

respectable widower, who is a neighbor of General Washington.

The clothes were purchased the other day.

The General Assembly of Virginia are pursuing steps which directly lead to civil war; but there is a respectable minority struggling in defence of the General Government, and the Government itself is fully prepared for anything they can do, resolved, if necessary, to oppose force by force.

In those days it appears that a Southern man, an associate judge of the Supreme Court, believed that the National Government had the power to coerce a rebellious State.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

Nor unto us, who did but seek
The word that burned within to speak;
Nor unto us this day belong
The triumph and exulting song.

Upon us fell in early youth
The burden of unwelcome truth,
And left us, weak and frail, and few,
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,
The air we breathed was hot with blame;
For not with gauged and softened tone
We made the bondman's cause our own.

We bore, as freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate, the public scorn;
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped; but still with awe
The coming of the sword we saw;
We heard the nearing steps of doom,
And saw the shade of things to come.

We hoped for peace: our eyes survey
The blood-red dawn of freedom's day;
We prayed for love to loose the chain;
Twas shorn by battle axe in twain.

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;
Not by our hands is turned the key
That sets the sighing captive free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
Is piled and parted for the slave;
A darker cloud moves on in light,
A fiercer fire is guide by night!

The praise, O Lord! be Thine alone;
In Thy own way Thy work be done!
Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,
To whom be glory first and last.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said 'Dear work, Good Night! Good Night!'

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying 'Caw! Caw!' on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
'Little black things, Good Night! Good Night!'

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's 'Bleat! Bleat!' came over the road:
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
'Good little girl, Good Night! Good Night!'

She did not say to the sun 'Good Night!'
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light!
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
'Good Morning! Good Morning! our work is begun!'

R. MONCKTON MILNES.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEAR ALEXANDER.

"I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?" —
Much Ado about Nothing.

"ALICK, is this all chivalry?" inquired Colonel Keith, sitting by his fire, suffering considerably from his late drive, and hearing reports that troubled him.

"Very chivalrous, indeed! when there's an old county property to the fore."

"For that matter, you have all been canny enough to have means enough to balance all that barren moorland. You are a richer man than I shall ever be."

"Without heiress-hunting?" said Alick, as though weighing his words.

"Come, Alick, you need not put on a mask that does not fit you! If it is not too late, take the risk into consideration, for I own I think the price of your championship somewhat severe."

"Ask Miss Williams."

"Ermine is grateful for much kindness, and is — yes — really fond of her."

"Then, Colonel, you ought to know that a sensible woman's favourable estimate of one of her own sex outweighs the opinion men can form of her."

"I grant that there are fine qualities; but, Alick, regarding you, as I must necessarily do, from our former relations, you must let me speak if there is still time to warn you, lest your pity and sense of injustice should be entangling you in a connection that would hardly conduce to make you happy or popular."

"Popularity is not my line," said Alick, looking composedly into the fire.

"Tell me first," said the puzzled Colonel, "are you committed?"

"No one can be more so."

"Engaged!!!"

"I thought you would have known it from themselves; but I find she has forbidden her mother to mention it till she has seen me again. And they talk of quiet, and shut me out!" gloomily added Alick.

The Colonel conceived a hope that the lady would abjure matrimony, and release this devoted knight, but in a few moments Alick burst out —

"Absurd! She cannot mend with anything on her mind! If I could have seen Mrs. Curtis or Grace alone, they might have heard reason; but that old woman of a doctor was prosing about quiet and strain on the nerves. I know that sort of quiet, the best receipt for distraction!"

"Well, Alick," said his friend, smiling,

"you have at least convinced me that your heart is in the matter."

"How should it not?" returned Alick.

"I was afraid it was only with the object of unjust vituperation."

"No such thing. Let me tell you, Colonel, my heart has been in it ever since I felt the relief of meeting real truth and unselfishness! I liked her that first evening, when she was manfully chasing us off for frivolous dangles round her cousin! I liked her for having no conventionalities, fast or slow, and especially for hating heroes! And when my sister had helped to let her get into this intolerable web, how could I look on without feeling the nobleness that has never shifted blame from herself, but bowed, owned all, suffered, suffered, oh, how grievously!"

The Colonel was moved. "With such genuine affection you should surely lead her and work upon her! I trust you will be able."

"It is less that," said Alick, rather resentfully, "than sympathy that she wants. Nobody ever gave her that except your Ermine! By the by, are there any news of the brother?"

Colonel Keith shook his head. "I believe I shall have to go to Russia," he said with some dejection.

"After that, reproach one with chivalry," said Alick, lightly. "Nay, I beg your pardon. Shall I take any message down to Mackarel Lane?"

"Are you going?"

"Well, yes, though I hardly ought to venture there till this embargo is taken off; for she is the one person there will be some pleasure in talking to. Perhaps I may reckon you as the same in effect."

The Colonel responded with a less cheerful look than usual, adding, "I don't know whether to congratulate you, Alick, on having to ask no one's consent but your own at your age."

"Especially not my guardian's!" said Alick, with the desired effect of making him laugh.

"No, if you were my son, I would not interfere," he added gravely. "I only feared your not knowing what you were about. I see you do know it, and it merely becomes a question of every man to his taste. Except for one point, Alick, I am afraid there may have been much disturbance of her opinions."

"Surface work," said Alick, "some of the effects of the literature that paints contradiction as truth. It is only skin deep, and makes me wish all the more to have her with my uncle for a time. I wonder

whether Grace would let me in if I went back again!"

No, Grace was obdurate. Mr. Frampton had spoken of a nervous fever, and commanded perfect quiescence; and Grace was the less tempted to transgress the order, because she really thought her mother was more in love with "dear Alexander" than Rachel was. Rachel was exceedingly depressed, restless, and feverish, and shrank from her mother's rejoicing, declaring that she was mistaken, and that nothing more must be said. She had never consented, and he must not make such a sacrifice; he would not when he knew better. Nay, in some moods, Rachel seemed to think even the undefined result of the interview an additional humiliation, and to feel herself falling, if not fallen, from her supreme contempt of love and marriage. The hurry and the consent, taken for granted, had certainly been no small elements in her present disturbed and overwhelmed state; and Grace, though understanding the motive, was disposed to resent the overhaste. Calm and time to think were promised to Rachel, but the more she had of both the more they hurt her. She tossed restlessly all night, and was depressed to the lowest ebb by day; but on the second day, ill as she evidently was, she insisted on seeing Captain Keith, declaring that she should never be better till she had made him understand her. Her nurses saw that she was right; and, besides, Mrs. Curtis's pity was greatly touched by dear Alexander's entreaties. So, as a desperate experiment, he was at last allowed to go into the dressing-room, where she was lying on the sofa. He begged to enter alone, only announced by a soft knock, to which she replied with a listless "Come in," and did not look up till she suddenly became conscious of a footfall firmer though softer than those she was used to. She turned, and saw who it was, who stood at a window opposite to her feet, drawing up the Venetian blind, from whose teasing divisions of glare and shade she had been hiding her eyes from the time she had come in, fretted by the low continuous tap of its laths upon the shutters. Her first involuntary exclamation was a sigh of relief.

"Oh, thank you. I did not know what it was that was such a nuisance."

"This is too much glare. Let me turn your sofa a little way round from it."

And as he did so, and she raised herself, he shook out her cushions, and substituted a cool chintz covered one for the hot crimson damask on which her head had been resting. "Thank you! How do you know so

well?" she said with a long breath of satisfaction.

"By long trial," he said, very quietly seating himself beside her couch, with a stillness of manner that strangely hushed all her throbbings; and the very pleasure of lying really still was such that she did not at once break it. The lull of these few moments was inexpressibly sweet, but the pang that had crossed her so many times in the last two days and nights could not but return. She moved restlessly, and he leant towards her with a soft-toned inquiry what it was she wanted.

"Don't," she said, raising herself. "No, don't! I have thought more over what you said," she continued, as if repeating the sentence she had conned over to herself. "You have been most generous, most noble; but—but," with an effort of memory, "it would be wrong in me to accept such—oh! such a sacrifice; and when I tell you all, you will think it a duty to turn from me," she added, pressing her hands to her temples. "And mind, you are not committed—you are free."

"Tell me," he said, bending towards her.

"I know you cannot overlook it! My faith—it is all confusion," she said in a low awe-struck voice. "I do believe—I do wish to believe; but my grasp seems gone. I cannot rest or trust for thinking of the questions that have been raised! There," she added in a strange interrogative tone.

"It is a cruel thing to represent doubt as the sign of intellect," Alice said sadly; "but you will shake off the tormentors when the power of thinking and reasoning is come back."

"Oh, if I could think so! The misery of darkness here—there—everywhere—the old implicit reliance gone, and all observance seeming like hypocrisy and unreality. There is no thinking, no enduring the intolerable maze."

"Do not try to think now. You cannot bear it. We will try to face what difficulties remain when you are stronger."

She turned her eyes full on him. "You do not turn away! You know you are free."

"Turn from the sincerity that I prize?"

"You don't? I thought your views were exactly what would make you hate and loathe such bewilderment, and call them wilful;" there was something piteous in the way her eye sought his face.

"They were not wilful," he said; "they came of honest truthseeking. And, Rachel, I think the one, one thing is now gone that kept that honesty from finding its way."

"Self-sufficiency!" she said with a groan; but with a sudden turn she exclaimed, "You don't trust to my surrendering my judgment. I don't think I am that kind of woman."

"Nor I that kind of man," he answered in his natural tone; then affectionately, "No, indeed I want you to aid mine."

She lay back, wearied with the effort, and disinclined to break the stillness. There was a move at the door; Mrs. Curtis, in an agony of restless anxiety, could not help coming to see that the interview was doing no harm.

"Don't go!" exclaimed Rachel, holding out her hand as he turned at the opening of the door. "Oh, mother!" and there was an evident sound of disappointment.

Mrs. Curtis was infinitely rejoiced to find her entrance thus inopportune. "I only wished just to be sure it was not too much," she said.

"Oh, mother, it is the first peace I have known for weeks! Can you stay?" looking up to him, as her mother retreated to tell Grace that it was indeed all right.

This brought him to a footstool beside her. "Thank you," he murmured. "I was wondering just then if it would hurt you or agitate you to give me some little satisfaction in going on with this. I know you are too true not to have told me at once if your objections were more personal than those you have made; but, Rachel, it is true, as you say, that you have never consented!"

The tone of these words made Rachel raise herself, turn towards him, and hold out both her hands. "Oh," she said, as he took them into his own, "it was—it could be only that I cannot bear so much more than I deserve."

"What! such an infliction?" in his own dry way.

"Such rest, such kindness, such generosity!"

"No, Rachel, there is something that makes it neither kindness nor generosity. You know what I mean."

"And that is what overpowers me more than all," she sighed, in the full surrender of herself. "I ought not to be so very happy."

"That is all I want to hear," he said, as he replaced her on her cushions, and sat by her, holding her hand, but not speaking till the next interruption, by one of the numerous convalescent meals, brought in by Grace, who looked doubtful whether she would be allowed to come in, and then was edified by the little arrangements he made, quietly taking all into his own hands, and wonderfully lessening a sort of fidget that Mrs. Curtis's anxiety had attached to all

that was done for Rachel. It was not for nothing that he had spent a year upon the sofa in the irritably sensitive state of nerves that Bessie had described; and when he could speak to Grace alone, he gave her a lecture on those little refinements of unobtrusive care, that Mrs. Curtis's more demonstrative ailments had not availed to inculcate, and which her present restless anxiety rendered almost impossible. To hinder her from constantly aggravating the fever on the nerves by her fidgeting solicitude was beyond all power save his own, and that when he was actually in the house.

Morning after morning he rode to the Homestead to hear that Rachel had had a very bad night, and was very low, then was admitted to find Mrs. Curtis's fluttering, flurried attentions exasperating every wearied fibre with the very effort to force down fretfulness and impatience; till, when she was left to him, a long space of the lull impressed on her by his presence was needful before he could attempt any of the quiet talk, or brief readings of poetry, by which he tried further to soothe and rest her spirits. He would leave her so calm and full of repose as to make him augur well for the next day; but the moment his back was turned, something would always happen that set all the pulses in agitation again, and consigned her to a fresh night of feverish phantoms of the past. He even grew distracted enough to scold Grace fraternally as the only person he could scold.

"You seem to nurse her on the principle of old Morris, the biggest officer among us, who kindly insisted on sitting up with me, and began by taking his seat upon my hand as it was lying spread out upon a pillow."

"Indeed, Alick," said Grace, with tears in her eyes, "I hardly know what to do. When you are not in the house, the mother is almost as much in a nervous fever as Rachel, and it is hardly in her power to keep from fretting her. It is all well when you are here."

"Then, Grace, there is only one thing to be done. The sooner I take Rachel away the better for both her and the mother."

"Oh, Alick, you will drive them both wild if you hurry it on."

"Look here. I believe I can get leave from Saturday till Tuesday. If I can get a hearing in those two days, I shall try; and depend upon it, Grace, this place is the worst that Rachel can be in."

"Can you come out here for three whole days? Oh, what a comfort!"

And what a comfort! was re-echoed by Mrs. Curtis, who had erected dear Alexan-

der to a pedestal of infallibility, and was always treated by him with a considerate kindness that made her pity Fanny for the number of years that must pass before Stephana could give her the supreme blessing of a son-in-law. Fanny, on her side, had sufficient present blessing in collecting her brood around her, after the long famine she had suffered, and regretted only that this month had rendered Stephana's babyhood more perceptibly a matter of the past; and that, in the distance, school days were advancing towards Conrade, though it was at least a comfort that his diphtheria had secured him at home for another half year, and the Colonel had so much to think about that he had not begun his promised researches into schools.

The long-looked-for letters came after a weary interval of expectation, the more trying to Ermine because the weather had been so bitter that Colin could not shake off his cold, nor venture beyond his own fireside. where Rose daily visited him, and brought home accounts that did not cheer her aunt.

Edward wrote shortly to his sister, as if almost annoyed at the shower of letters that had by every post begun to recall his attention from some new invention on the means of assaying metals:—

"I am sorry you have stirred up Keith to the renewal of this painful subject. You know I considered that page in my life as closed forever; and I see nothing that would compensate for what it costs me even to think of it. To redeem my name before the world would be of no avail to me now, for all my English habits are broken, and all that made life valuable to me is gone. If Long and Beauchamp could reject my solemn affirmation three years ago, what would a retraction slowly wrung from them be worth to me now? It might once have been, but that is all over now. Even the desire to take care of you would no longer actuate me since you have Keith again; and in a few years I hope to make my child independent in money matters—independent of your love and care you would not wish her to be. Forget the troubles of your life, Ermine, and be happy with your faithful Keith, without further efforts on behalf of one whom they only harass and grieve."

Ermine shed some bitter tears over this letter, the more sorrowful because the refusal was a shock to her own reliance on his honour, and she felt like a traitress to his cause. And Colin would give him up after this ungrateful indifference, if nothing worse. Surely it betrayed a consciousness that the whole of his conduct would not bear inquiry,

and she thought of the representations that she had so indignantly rejected, that the accounts, even without the last fatal demand, were in a state that it required an excess of charity to ascribe to mere carelessness on the part of the principal.

She was glad that Alison was absent, and Rose in the garden. She laid her head on her little table, and drew long sobs of keen suffering, the reaction of the enjoyment and hope of the last few months. And so little knew she what she ought to ask that she could only strive to say, "Thy will be done."

"Ermine! my Ermine, this is not a thing to be so much taken to heart. This foolish philosopher has not even read his letters. I never saw any one more consistently like himself."

Ermine looked up, and Colin was standing over her, muffled up to the eyes, and a letter of his own in his hand. Her first impulse was to cry out against his imprudence, glad as she was to see him. "My cough is nearly gone," he said, unwinding his wrappings, "and I could not stay at home after this wonderful letter—three pages about chemical analysis, which he does me the honour to think I can understand, two of commissions for villanous compounds, and one of protestations that 'I will be drowned; nobody shall help me.'"

Ermine's laugh had come, even amid her tears, his tone was so great a relief to her.

She did not know that he had spent some minutes in cooling down his vexation, lest he should speak ungently of her brother's indifference. "Poor Edward," she said, "you don't mean that is all the reply you have!"

"See for yourself," and he pointed to the divisions of the letter he had described. "There is all he vouchsafes to his own proper affairs. You see he misapprehends the whole; indeed, I don't believe he has even read our letters."

"We often thought he did not attend to all we wrote," said Ermine. "It is very disheartening!"

"Nay, Ermine, *you* disheartened with the end in view!"

"There are the letters about Maddox's committal still to come certainly, but who knows if they will have more effect! Oh, Colin, this was such a hope that—perhaps I have dwelt too much upon it!"

"It is such a hope," he repeated. "There is no reason for laying it aside, because Edward is his old self."

"Colin! you still think so?"

"I think so more than ever. If he will not read reason, he must hear it; and if he takes no notice of the letters we sent after

the sessions, I shall go and bring him back in time for the assizes."

"Oh, Colin! it cannot be. Think of the risk! You, who are still looking so thin and ill. I cannot let you."

"It will be warm enough by the time I get there."

"The distance! You are doing too much for us."

"No, Ermine," with a smile, "that I will never do."

She tried to answer his smile, but leant back and shed tears, not like the first, full of pain, but of affectionate gratitude, and yet of reluctance at his going. She had ever been the strength and stay of the family, but there seemed to be a source of weakness in his nearness, and this period of his indisposition and of suspense had been a strain on her spirits that told in this gentle weeping. "This is a poor welcome after you have been laid up so long," she said when she could speak again. "If I behave so ill, you will only want to run from the sight of me."

"It will be July when I come back."

"I do not think you ought to go."

"Nor I, if Edward deigns to read the account of Rose's examination."

In that calm smiling resolution Ermine read the needlessness of present argument, and spoke again of his health and his solitary hours."

"Mitchell has been very kind in coming to sit with me, and we have indulged in two or three castles in the air—sanatoriums in the air, perhaps, I should say. I told him he might bring me down another guest instead of the tailor, and he has brought a poor young pupil teacher, whom Tibbie calls a winsome callant, but I am afraid she won't save him. Did you ever read the 'Lady of Lagaraye'?"

"Not the poem, but I know her story."

"As soon as that parcel comes in which Villars is always expecting, I propose to myself to read that poem with you. What's that? It can't be Rachel, as usual."

If it was not Rachel, it was the next thing to her, namely, Alick Keith. This was the last day of those that he had spent at the Homestead, and he was leaving Rachel certainly better. She had not fallen back any evening that he had been there, but to his great regret he would not be able to come out the next day. Regimental duty would take him up nearly all the day, and then he was invited to a party at the Deanery, "which the mother would never have forgiven me for refusing," he said; just as if he mother's desires had the very same

power over him as over her daughters. "I came to make a desperate request, Miss Williams," he said. "Would it be any way possible for you to be so kind as to go up and see Rachel? She comes downstairs now, and there are no steps if you go in by the glass doors. Do you think you could manage it?"

"She wishes it?" said Ermine.

"Very much. There are thorns in her mind that no one knows how to deal with so well as you do, and she told me yesterday how she longed to get to you."

"It is very good in her. I have sometimes feared she might think we had dealt unfairly by her if she did not know how very late in the business we suspected that our impostors were the same," said Ermine.

"It is not her way to blame any one but herself," said Alick, "and, in fact, our showing her the woodcut deception was a preparation for the rest of it. But I have said very little to her about all that matter. She required to be led away rather than back to it. Brooding over it is fatal work, and yet her spirits are too much weakened and shattered to bear over-amusement. That is the reason that I thought you would be so very welcome to-morrow. She has seen no one yet but Lady Temple, and shrinks from the very idea."

"I do not see why I should not manage it very well," said Ermine, cheerfully, "if Miss Curtis will let me know in time whether she is equal to seeing me. You know I can walk into the house now."

Alick thanked her earnestly. His listless manner was greatly enlivened by his anxiety, and Colonel Keith was obliged to own that marriage would be a good thing for him; but *such* a marriage! If from sheer indolence he should leave the government to his wife, then—Colin could only shrug his shoulders in dismay.

Nevertheless, when Ermine's wheeled chair came to the door the next afternoon, he came with it, and walked by her side up the hill, talking of what had been absolutely the last call she had made—a visit when they had both been riding with the young Beauchamps.

"Suppose any one had told me then I should make my next visit with you to take care of me, how pleased I should have been," said Ermine, laughing, and taking as usual an invalid's pleasure in all the little novelties only remarked after long seclusion. That steep, winding, pebbly road, with the ferns and creeping plants on its rocky sides, was a wonderful panorama to her, and she entreated for a stop at the summit to look

down on the sea and the town; but here Grace came out to them full of thanks and hopes, little knowing that to them the event was a very great one. When at the glass doors of the garden entrance, Ermine trusted herself to the Colonel's arm, and between him and her crutch crossed the short space to the morning room, where Rachel rose from her sofa, but wisely did not come forward till her guest was safely placed in a large easy-chair.

Rachel then held out her hand to the Colonel, and quietly said, "Thank you," in a subdued manner that really touched him, as he retreated quickly and left them together. Then Rachel sat down on a footstool close to Ermine, and looked up to her. "Oh, it is so good of you to come to me! I would not have dared to think of it, but I just said I wished to get out for nothing but to go to you; and then he—Captain Keith—would go and fetch you."

"As the nearest approach to fetching the moon, I suppose," said Ermine, brightly. "It was very kind to me, for I was longing to see you, and I am glad to find you looking better than I expected."

For in truth Rachel's complexion had been little altered by her illness; and the subdued dejected expression was the chief change visible, except in the feebleness and tremulousness of all her movements. "Yes, I am better," she said. "I ought to be, for he is so good to me."

"Dear Rachel, I was so very glad to hear of this," said Ermine, bending down to kiss her.

"Were you? I thought no one could be that cared for him," said Rachel.

"I cared more for him the week that you were ill than ever I had done before."

"Grace tells me of that," said Rachel, "and when he is here I believe it. But, Miss Williams, please look full at me, and tell me whether everybody would not think—I don't say that I could do it—but if every one would not think it a great escape for him if I gave him up."

"No one that could really judge."

"Because, listen," said Rachel, quickly, "the regiment is going to Scotland, and he and the mother have taken it into their heads that I shall get well faster somewhere away from home. And—and they want to have the wedding as soon as I am better; and they are going to write about settlements and all that. I have never said I would, and I don't feel as if—as if I ought to let him do it; and if ever the thing is to be stopped at all, this is the only time."

"But why? You do not wish"—

"Don't talk of what I wish," said Rachel. "Talk of what is good for him."

Ermine was struck with the still resolute determination of judging for herself—the self-sufficiency, almost redeemed by the unselfishness, and the face was most piteously in earnest.

"My dear, surely he can be trusted to judge. He is no boy, in spite of his looks. The Colonel always says that he is as much older than his age in character as he is younger in appearance."

"I know that," said Rachel, "but I don't think he ought to be trusted here; for you see," and she looked down, "all the blindness of—of his affection is enhanced by his nobleness and generosity, and he has nobody to check or stop him; and it does seem to me a shame for us all to catch at such compassion, and encumber him with me, just because I am marked for scorn and dislike. I can't get any one to help me look at it so. My own people would fancy it was only that I did not care for him; and he—I can't even think about it when he is here, but I get quite distracted with doubts if it can be right whenever he goes away. And you are the only person who can help me! Bessie wrote very kindly to me, and I asked to see what she said to him. I thought I might guess her feeling from it. And he said he knew I should fancy it worse than it was if he did not let me see. It was droll, and just like her—not unkind; but I could see it is the property that makes her like it, and his uncle is blind, you know, and could only send a blessing, and kind hopes, and all that. Oh, if I could guess whether that uncle thinks he ought! What does Colonel Keith think? I know you will tell me truly."

"He thinks," said Ermine, with a shaken voice, "that real trustworthy affection outweighs all the world could say."

"But he thinks it is a strange, misplaced liking, exaggerated by pity for one sunk so low?" said Rachel, in an excited manner.

"Rachel," said Ermine, "you must take my beginning as a pledge of my speaking the whole truth. Colonel Keith is certainly not fond of you personally, and rather wonders at Alick, but he has never doubted that this is the genuine feeling that is for life, and that it is capable of making you both better and happier. Indeed, Rachel, we do both feel that you suit Alick much more than many people who have been far better liked."

Rachel looked cheered. "Yet you," she faltered, "you have been an instance of resolute withstanding."

"I don't think I shall be long," mur-

mured Ermine, a vivid colour flashing forth upon her cheek, and leading the question from herself. "Just suppose you *did* carry out this fierce act of self-abnegation, what do you think could come next?"

"I don't know! I would not break down or die if I could help it," added Rachel, faintly after her brave beginning.

"And for him? Do you think being cast off would be so very pleasant to him?"

Rachel hung her head, and her lips made a half murmur of, "Would not it be good for him?"

"No, Rachel, it is the very sorest trial there can be when, even in the course of providence, kind intentions are coldly requited; and it would be incalculably harder when therewith there would be rejection of love."

"Ah! I never said I could do it. I could not tell him I did not care for him, and short of that nothing would stop it," sobbed Rachel, "only I wished to feel it was not very mean—very wrong." She laid her weary head on Ermine's lap, and Ermine bent down and kissed her.

"So happy, so bright and free, and capable, his life seems now," proceeded Rachel. "I can't understand his joining it to mine; and if people shunned and disliked him for my sake!"

"Surely that will depend on yourself. I have never seen you in society, but if you have the fear of making him unpopular or remarkable before your eyes, you will avoid it."

"Oh yes; I know," said Rachel, impatiently. "I did think I should not have been a commonplace woman," and she shed a few tears.

Ermine was nearly provoked with her, and began to think that she had been arguing on a wrong tack, and that it would be better after all for Alick to be free. Rachel looked up presently. "It must be very odd to you to hear me say so, but I can't help feeling the difference. I used to think it so poor and weak to be in love, or to want any one to take care of one. I thought marriage such ordinary drudgery, and ordinary opinions so contemptible, and had such schemes for myself. And this—and this is such a break down, my blunders and their consequences have been so unspeakably dreadful, and now instead of suffering, dying—as I felt I ought—it has only made me just like other women, for I know I could not live without him, and then all the rest of it must come for his sake."

"And will make you much more really

useful and effective than even you could have been alone," said Ermine.

"He does talk of doing things together, but, oh! I feel as if I could never dare put out my hand again!"

"Not alone perhaps."

"I like to hear him tell me about the soldiers' children, and what he wants to have done for them."

"You and I little thought what Lady Temple was to bring us," said Ermine, cheerfully, "but you see we are not the strongest creatures in the world, so we must resign ourselves to our fate, and make the best of it. They must judge how many imperfections they choose to endure, and we can only make the said drawbacks as little troublesome as may be. Now, I think I see Miss Curtis watching in fear that I am over talking you."

"Oh, must you go? You have really comforted me! I wanted an external opinion very much, and I do trust yours! Only tell me," she added, holding Ermine's hand, "is this indeed so with you?"

"Not yet," said Ermine, softly, "do not speak about it, but I think you will be comforted to hear that this matter of yours, by leading to the matron's confession, may have removed an obstacle that was far more serious in my eyes than even my own helplessness, willing as Colin was to cast both aside. Oh, Rachel, there is a great deal to be thankful for!"

Rachel lay down on her sofa, and fell asleep, nor did Alick find any occasion for blaming Grace when he returned the next day. The effect of the conversation had been to bring Rachel to a meek submission, very touching in its passiveness and weary peacefulness. She was growing stronger, walked out leaning on Alick's arm, and was even taken out by him in a boat, a wonderful innovation, for a dangerous accident to Mr. Curtis had given the mother such a horror of the sea that no boating excursions had ever taken place during her solitary reign, and the present were only achieved by a wonderful stretch of dear Alexander's influence. Perhaps she trusted him the more, because his maimed hand prevented him from being himself an oarsman, though he had once been devoted to rowing. At any rate, with an old fisherman at the oar, many hours were spent upon the waters of the bay, in a tranquillity that was balm to the harassed spirit, with very little talking, now and then some reading aloud, but often nothing but a dreamy repose. The novelty and absence of old association was one secret of the benefit

that Rachel thus derived. Any bustle or resumption of former habits was a trial to her shattered nerves, and brought back the dreadful haunted nights. The first sight of Conrade, still looking thin and delicate, quite upset her; a drive on the Avonchester road renewed all she had felt on the way thither; three or four morning visitors coming in on her unexpectedly, made the whole morbid sense of eyes staring at her recur all night, and when the London solicitor came down about the settlements, she shrank in such a painful though still submissive way, from the sight of a stranger, far more from the semblance of a dinner party, that the mother yielded, and let her remain in her sitting-room.

"May I come in?" said Alick, knocking at the door. "I have something to tell you."

"What, Alick! Not Mr. Williams come?"

"Nothing so good. In fact I doubt if you will think it good at all. I have been consulting this same solicitor about the title-deeds; that cheese you let fall, you know," he added, stroking her hand, and speaking so gently that the very irony was rather pleasant.

"Oh, it is very bad."

"Now wouldn't you like to hear it was so bad that I should have to sell out, and go to the diggings to make it up?"

"Now, Alick, if it were not for your sake, you know I should like"—

"I know you would; but you see, unfortunately, it was not a cheese at all, only a wooden block that the fox ran away with. Lawyers don't put people's title-deeds into such dangerous keeping; the true cheese is safe locked up in a tin box in Mr. Martin's chambers in London."

"Then what did I give Mauleverer?"

"Only a copy, just kept for reference down here."

Rachel hid her face.

"There, I knew you would think it no good news, and it is just a thunder clap to me. All you wanted me for was to defend the mother and make up to the charity, and now there's no use in me," he said in a disconsolate tone.

"Oh, Alick, Alick, why am I so foolish?"

"Never mind; I took care Martin should not know it. Nobody is aware of the little affair but our two selves; and I will take care the fox learns the worth of his prize. Only now, Rachel, answer me, is there any use left for me still?"

"You should not ask me such things, Alick, you know it all too well."

"Not so well that I don't want to hear it. But I had more to say. This Martin is a man of very different calibre from old Cox, with a head and heart in London charities and churches, and it had struck him as it did you, that the Homestead had an easier bargain of it than that good namesake of yours had ever contemplated. If it paid treble or quadruple rent, the dear mother would never find it out, nor grow a geranium the less."

"No, she would not! But after all, the lace apprenticeships are poor work."

"So they are, but Martin says there would be very little difficulty in getting a private bill to enable the trustees to apply the sum otherwise for the benefit of the Avonmouth girls."

"Then if I had written to him, it would have been all right! Oh, my perverseness!"

"And, Rachel, now that money has been once so intended; suppose it kept its destination. About £500 would put up a tidy little industrial school, and you might not object to have a scholarship or two for some of our little — th Highlander lassies whose fathers won't make orphans of them for the regular military charities. What, crying, Rachel! Don't you like it?"

"It is my dream. The very thing I wished and managed so vilely. If Lovedy were alive! Though perhaps that is not the thing to wish. But I can't bear taking your"—

"Hush! You can't do worse than separate your own from mine. This is no part of the means I laid before Mr. Martin by way of proving myself a responsible individual. I took care of that. Part of this is prize-money, and the rest was a legacy that a rich old merchant put me down for in a transport of gratitude because his son was one of the sick in the bungalow where the shell came. I have had it these three or four months, and wondered what to do with it."

"This will be very beautiful, very excellent. And we can give the ground."

"I have thought of another thing. I never heard of an industrial school where the great want was not food for industry. Now I know the Colonel and Mr. Mitchell have some notion floating in their minds about getting a house for convalescents down here, and it strikes me that this might supply the work in cooking, washing, and so on. I think I might try what they thought of it."

Rachel could only weep out her shame and thankfulness; and when Alick rever-

ently added that it was a scheme that would require much thought and much prayer, the pang struck her to the heart—how little she had prayed over the F. U. E. E. The prayer of her life had been for action and usefulness, but when she had seen the shadow in the stream, her hot and eager haste, her unconscious detachment from all was not visible and material had made her adhere too literally to that misinterpreted motto, *laborare est orare*. How should then her eyes be clear to discern between substance and shadow!

From The Examiner 17 Feb.

THE ARCH-DUPE MAXIMILIAN.

NAPOLEON III. is reducing his Mexican mortgage into possession. Mortgage is the well-established method of procedure for the stealthy acquisition of landed estate. Far-sighted old Grasp starts a doubtful heir in quest of a fortune, undertaking to find the funds for the first outlay. There is a bill of discovery, followed by a hard battle or two at law. Featherhead wins, and finds himself in occupation of a dismantled house, an unfenced park, and an estate thoroughly out of condition. He is saluted, however, as Lord of the Manor, and the county papers congratulate him on being the recognized possessor of so many thousands a year. Nevertheless, his few confidential friends know best how hard up he is for cash. It is, in fact, a very doubtful question, whether, after all, he can live as becomes him in the half-furnished mansion. How is the landlord's establishment to be carried on? That is the uppermost thought at breakfast-time, during intervals of shooting throughout the day, and up to the last moment of consciousness at night. He hopes that things will mend and rents come in, and experimental crops succeed, and the remains of the timber fetch a price. In the midst of his anxieties he receives a communication from Grasp, wishing to know, what about repaying the advances whereby he has been placed in the enjoyment of so many perplexities. Failing to obtain a satisfactory answer, Grasp unfolds the mortgage, duly signed, sealed, and delivered beforehand, and of which nothing has been said till now. If money be not forthcoming, three of the best farms may be handed over, just as security—to be restored of course whenever the impossible contingency occurs of young Penniless having a

balance at his banker's to meet the equity of redemption. There is a deceitful decency about the process whereby the insidious usurer gets a foothold in this fashion; and time and opportunity may be safely counted on to work out the rest. Austrian Majesty Maximilian I. has by this time, no doubt, discovered that his truer title would be, French Viceroy of the unannexed portions of Mexico. There is talk in the air now of cession of mines in provinces of which he once dreamed he should be lord, to pay his Imperial Suzerain part of the debt he owes him. Napoleon III. is a chivalrous character, who goes about pulling down improper old Kings, and setting up promising young Monarchs who are content to swear by him and develop his philanthropic ideas. For himself, he cares only for the happiness of the human race, and eschews all mean thought of aggrandizement. He crossed the Alps, and gave 50,000 Frenchmen as food for Austrian powder, as proof of the love he bore towards Italy, and of his unselfish longing to set her free. It was only his duty to France that compelled him to take at parting Nice and Savoy, just as payment for his expenses. More recently he has crossed the Atlantic, impelled by his fervid love of civilization and order, and his desire to set up kingcraft instead of republicanism in the New World. Many thousands of Frenchmen have been sacrificed in like manner there, and the true reckoning of the moneys squandered none probably knows but himself and M. Achille Fould. Six months have not elapsed, and the puppet potentate is by no means likely to be called upon to make over Sonora, Sena-tolia, and Mazatlan, as security for the extravagant price of his mock diadem. The *Moniteur* says no, and misleads nobody.

An American adventurer having neither property, office, nor influence of any kind in Mexico is not appointed bailiff to take possession of the sequestered provinces. Dr. Gwyn is altogether a myth. He has not been lately to Paris to receive his instructions: what these might have been may be matter of idle speculation; but the *Moniteur* be our guide as to Mexican affairs, it is as to these matters so charmingly candid and trustworthy. The French troops by whom the rough work of acquisition has been accomplished are about to be reduced in numbers. The unhappy Arch-Dupe having failed to beguile a sufficient number of Belgians or Germans to become for him what the Swiss Guard were for the Bourbons, looks wildly round for help at any price. He has been trying to buy deserters from the national ranks, and he was willing

to have conceded the second place in the State in point of rank and the first in point of power to Juarez, by whom, however, the offer was declined. He has subsequently broken with the Church party, and scolded the Nuncio very much in the same style as M. Drouyn de Lhuys has been using towards Monsignore Flavio at Paris. Still there is little sign and no probability of any considerable number of Mexicans who can be depended on enrolling themselves under the Viceregal standard. What if military colonists could be obtained of Anglo-Saxon breed? The experiment is obviously a dangerous one.

Filibustering in its various shifting forms has long been a familiar and favorite species of American adventure; and the distracted condition of things in the Southern and Western States inevitably tends to stimulate all the ideas of license and rapacity out of which this description of political free-booting springs. When men have lost faith in their own country and offer their lives and fortunes for a consideration either in land or money to a foreign State, they seldom have any loyalty left worth transferring, or capable of being transferred. *Condottieri* have often fought well and rendered important services to their paymasters; but history is full of their exaction, turbulence, treachery, and desertion of a falling cause. Should things go ill with the Confederates during the present year, and should they be unable to drive their antagonists out of Texas, it is not unlikely that the lure of rich grants of land in French Mexico may tempt many to follow the example of Governor Gwyn. Next to being completely their own masters, no condition would suit them better. They have been brought up in the fixed belief that European royalty is one of the things that won't grow in the American soil; and though out of humour with the name of a commonwealth just now, we can imagine how phantom-like must be in their eyes the round and top of Mexican sovereignty. If they emigrate to Sonora it will be without any fixed political purpose or feeling, but simply with the view of retrieving their fortunes ruined in the Civil War, and taking chance for what may turn up five years hence. Once in possession of their Border farms they will doubtless soon learn to consolidate their strength, and for their own sakes they will be ready to maintain the Invader's title, whence they derive their own. So long as the conquest of the country remains incomplete, and there is talk of its rightful possessors resuming what they have been de-

spoiled of, Governor Gwyn and his countrymen may be relied on; but no longer. And if at any critical conjuncture during the protracted struggle for existence that awaits the European system of rule imposed by force and fraud on Mexico, the American contingent shall find in their hands the casting weight of power, who shall say into which scale they will throw it? Already the disintegrating element of a double or alternative allegiance has been introduced by the separation of the three provinces named from the rest of the *soi-disant* empire, and the erection in them of an anomalous and unintelligible species of authority, nominally subject to that of Mexico, but ostentatiously referring its origin, and appealing directly for its sanction, to that of France. Should Napoleon III. and Maximilian I. happen to quarrel, as dependants and superiors not unfrequently do, whereabouts will Governor Gwyn and his Border militia-men be found? We dare say all these contingencies have been pondered well by the saturnine Ruler who makes advances of French blood and treasure on the security of foreign mortgages; and as far as we are ourselves concerned, we see no reason to be jealous of any extent to which he may go in so precarious a line of business. Sooner or later, however, it must become a question for the grave consideration of Christendom whether secret and indirect bargainings for territory are compatible with the general security. If done by one great Power with impunity the thing is certain to be done by others; and at the present moment we behold Prussia labouring to do with regard to Slesvig-Holstein what France tried to do in the case of Sardinia and succeeded in doing with Nice and Savoy.

From The Saturday Review.

THE NORTH POLE.

CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN is anxious to make another expedition to the North Pole. The object most prominently alleged is the promotion of science; but, by way of subsidiary inducement, we are incidentally reminded that the spirit of adventure is a good thing for the navy, and should be provided with some fitting outlet in times of peace. Captain Osborn does not indeed dwell strongly upon this branch of the argument; it is introduced apologetically, rather as an answer to anticipated criticisms than as a substantive part of his case. We are reminded, by this method of reasoning,

of the analogous defence of Alpine travelling. The harmless enthusiasts of the Alpine Club are always shy of stating explicitly what every one knows to be their real motive. They try to make out that some scientific purpose will be served by ascending Mont Blanc for the five hundredth time. They carry about registering thermometers as a mysterious talisman to hallow their expeditions; they measure the angle of inclination of a snowslope within a few degrees, or calculate the height of a mountain within a few hundred feet, just to obtain a colorable pretext for their proceedings. Travellers in very out-of-the-way countries are obliged to resist the impertinent curiosity of the natives by alleging an imaginary search for gold. In more civilized regions, scientific objects serve the same purpose as fictitious goldmines; they are found by practice to produce an excellent effect in silencing scrupulous objectors. A little bit of quasi-scientific zeal leavens the whole lump of unintelligible enthusiasm. The traveller is acquitted on as easy terms as the gentlemen who murder half a dozen children, and get off by a few eccentric remarks to a mad doctor in gaol; the scientific mania is considered to excuse a whole series of follies, as the homicidal mania excuses a moderate allowance of murders. It is true that, in the case of the Alps, the pretext is getting somewhat threadbare. The ceremony of quoting a few scientific observations is gone through in the spirit in which people sometimes say grace at a public dinner; it does not mean very much, but it gives a certain tone to the proceedings, and it avoids the awkwardness of dropping an established custom. To us it is perfectly inexplicable that the mere name of Science should exercise this prerogative. In a certain sense, almost any fragment of knowledge may be catalogued under some scientific head. You cannot pick up a stone or catch an insect without discovering some fact which may have some bearing upon geology or entomology. But it is easy to pay too high a price even for geological or entomological information. When expeditions to the North Pole are justified on the ground that they extend our topographical knowledge, it seems to be a roundabout way of repeating a very obvious fact. No one knows, and, at present, very few people care whether the North Pole is land or water, whether it is inhabited by whales or white bears, or by an intervening type of development. When we get this much desired bit of information, it does not add to its value to call it a topographical truth; if it belongs to that province of knowledge which we are pleased to

call scientific, it only proves that scientific knowledge embraces some very uninteresting facts. When a gentleman has been up a mountain where no one has ever been before, he sometimes says that he has made an addition to oreography; but no one would be appreciably the worse if oreography had remained in its former state. It is still incumbent upon the discoverer to show some cause for his claims to gratitude, even when we have admitted that he has made an addition to science. After all, science is only good in so far as it benefits mankind, and it is very hard for the unenlightened public to realize the precise benefits to be gained by increased familiarity with the Pole.

We do not mean to place the result of Arctic exploration upon the same level as the scientific amusement characteristic of its Alpine counterpart. We venture to pronounce no judgment upon their value. It may be very interesting to discover what birds, beasts, and fishes have the misfortune of living within ten degrees of the Pole, and whether they seem to find it pleasant. It is certainly desirable to measure an arc of the meridian in those latitudes, although the British public would probably not wish to pay a high price for it. If there are a set of savages cut off from the world amongst the Polar ice, and preserving the use of flint implements, it would be as well to see them. It is a pity that they should not have the opportunity of seeing a little better society than that of seals and Polar bears; and although, to the vulgar mind, it is not worth travelling many miles to see a dirty savage living on grease and train-oil, and to observe the delicate shades of distinction which separate him from other dirty savages living upon train oil and grease, a philosopher may extract something even from an Esquimaux. We are men, and nothing that goes upon two legs, talks, and uses tools — though they be flint implements — can be altogether uninteresting. Without detracting from the importance of these and other observations, we express a doubt, not as to the logic, but as to the policy of assigning to them the prominent place in the argument. They may be the real motives that determine the explorers, but they are not the motives most likely to convince the general public. Most people feel that they could live very happily if the North Pole were abolished by Act of Parliament. There are but a few whose spirits are yearning with a desire to follow knowledge beyond the Arctic Circle. Most persons feel that they are being rather done when an attempt is made to extort their purses on the threat of scientific contempt.

Everything that can be called science has a mysterious prestige at the present time, but it is possible to presume a little too far upon popular enthusiasm in the cause. People will at least be inclined to say that, if these strange pursuits have such absorbing charms, the philosophers should pay for the gratification of their depraved appetite.

A stronger appeal to public sympathy may be made on the other ground of argument. It is vexatious to keep so many brave officers "spoiling for a fight." Smashing piratical Chinese junks and burning Japanese towns seems rather petty occupation for an English sailor. It is, after all, flying at small game. Captain Osborn laid great stress upon his wish for some "nobler" employment. Blowing natives to atoms is chiefly interesting to persons other than philanthropists, as a test for Armstrong guns. It serves to keep our sailors' hands in, more or less, but is not in itself a very glorious pursuit. We can fully sympathize with Captain Osborn's wish to be employed upon some service where there is more novelty and more adventure. The special selection of Arctic exploration is liable to some obvious objections. For ourselves, the prospect of passing two winters amongst icebergs — each winter consisting of one night — with no society but our travelling companions and savages for an occasional change, is anything but inviting. We would rather be employed in exterminating pirates or intimidating harmless Asiatics for an indefinite period. But if Captain Osborn and his companions despise the trifling inconveniences of a six months' night and a twelve months' frost, we admire their pluck, and should be glad to see them gratified. It is this admiration of a spirit of courageous adventure which is the popular sentiment really propitious to such enterprises. The scientific argument is even antagonistic in its effect. The more obtrusively useless and uncalled for the particular adventure may be, the stronger the relief into which the general love of adventure is thrown. Arctic exploration, to common apprehension, has always derived much of its merit from being a voluntary work of supererogation. It indicated a superabundant fund of courage. There was a desire for getting into dangerous places, which could not find vent in ordinary methods. Our sailors were compelled to knock their heads against icebergs for want of better chances of collision. According to the established legend, Nelson stole the apples because none of his schoolfellows dared to steal them. Arctic voyages gave expression to a similar tendency in grown-up schoolboys. They showed a

readiness to perform a feat involving a certain recognized amount of risk. They acted like a safety valve, marking the degree of pressure to which our sailors' courage could be at all times easily raised. The merit from this point of view might be measured, like the merit of a monumental memorial, by the amount of totally useless expenditure. According to Mr. Ruskin's phraseology, it was an illustration of the "lamp of sacrifice."

The North Pole has derived the chief benefit from this state of feeling. We do not know that there is any good reason assignable for our national appreciation of the North Pole. It has probably few intrinsic claims to respect, but the associations that cluster round it have given to it a certain romantic interest. The Thames is not much of a river, and the Tiber is even inferior; but, until Mr. Cobden has converted the world, either of them will exercise more power over our imaginations than the Mississippi or the Hoangho. We look upon the North Pole with an affectionate interest generated by the gallantry of our fellow-countrymen in trying to get near it. The best measure of this adventitious interest is the inferior value which every one sets upon the South Pole. Probably it has as many charms for the unprejudiced traveller, but we are quite willing to bequeathe that geographical problem to our Australian descendants. It may continue for many years to come to waste its sweetness on the Antarctic air. But from our boyhood, the charms of the North Pole have only been rivalled by those of Bagdad. The poetical youth takes most interest in the *Arabian Nights*. The boy with a practical turn, or who is infected with the singular boyish superstition about the charms of a sailor's life, prefers the North Pole. The elements of interest are not quite so varied; but children do not object to incessant repetition. The aurora-borealis, the icebergs, the Polar bears, and the Esquimaux supply the characters and scenery of a drama of inexhaustible interest. As in later life the illusion becomes fainter, we begin to realize the fact that a winter in the Arctic seas must be a stupendous bore. Dr. Johnson's definition of a ship, as a prison with a chance of being drowned, becomes insufficient. We must add the chances of being crushed or frozen, and the certainty of suffering from bad smells and greasy food. But the halo of romance does not altogether fade away in the most prosaic mind; the stories of real heroism to which it is owing have too much living interest to permit of our looking at the matter with a mere calculation of profit and loss. We should be sorry

that the supply of such stories should be altogether cut off from our descendants. The Polar seas have the merit that they can never be tamed down into permanent civilization. The backwoods of America are turning rapidly into cultivated fields studded by intensely prosaic towns. Most of the open spaces which once left to the imagination a little elbowroom are being gradually absorbed. The number of spots on the earth where you can say decisively that you have left civilization behind, and that adventure is still possible, speedily diminishes. The only power which is able to make head against the advancing tide is the power of eternal frost. Even in the heart of Europe the Alps guard a small area in a state of unpolluted nature. The vast regions of ice that encircle the North Pole can never be much the worse or the better for human interference. They should be kept as a kind of preserve for heroism; whilst the chances of breaking your neck or ruining your constitution steadily diminish elsewhere, there will always be a supply of dangers in the Polar regions. It is a pity that some use should not be made of this peculiarity.

Whether these considerations would justify any public expenditure, and how much they would justify, is another question. Exhibitions of purposeless courage are very good things, but it may be doubted whether it is desirable for the country to pay for them. We admire Captain Osborn's zeal in the cause; but we do not profess to estimate the pecuniary value of the combined claims of science and adventure, or to say whether they would be the most desirable investment for part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's surplus.

From The Saturday Review, 11 Feb.

NAPOLEON III. AND ITALY.

THERE has been no hypocrisy and no concealment, on the part of either the French Emperor or the Italian Government, as to their respective wishes about Rome. The whole world knows how wide is the divergence between the two policies. The French ideal map of Italy is not the ideal map constructed by Italy for herself. M. DUPANLOUP, in his recent pamphlet, constructs with some bitterness a little heap of all the promises made by NAPOLEON III. to the effect that the POPE's temporal power should never be disturbed. Side by side may be placed a larger heap, built up of all

the loud vows which Italian statesmen have taken never to rest till Rome is the capital of the peninsula. For a silent spinner of cobwebs the EMPEROR has been unusually plain-spoken. Possibly he hoped, by a show of firmness, to be able to direct into a less inconvenient channel the national aspirations of the Italians. The struggle between the iron will of an Imperial master and the unanimous passion of a growing people is a spectacle of much interest in days like ours. The EMPEROR's policy is a purely worldly policy; it rests on nothing stronger than an instinctive jealousy of a neighbouring State. French interests are supposed to be indirectly affected if a great nation is allowed suddenly to form itself on the frontier of France, and to absorb the very centre of the Catholic religion. The feeling is part and parcel of the prejudice which led the present EMPEROR to set his face against Italian unity altogether. It comes to him among the few traditional heir-looms of French diplomacy which he did not consign to oblivion when he raised his dynasty to the throne. But diplomatic tradition requires to be backed heavily, in these times, if it is to stand its ground against national enthusiasm. In his resistance to the Italian programme the EMPEROR is not backed by the one support that could avail him, the unanimous sympathy of his subjects. The French clergy are with him; and a group of retired politicians and *littérateurs*, who profess to regret the historic glories of a subdivided Italy, are on the side of the clergy. The Republican party, on the other hand, sympathize with the Italians. They hate their natural enemy, the POPE, so sincerely, that to compass his defeat they would sacrifice a chestful of the old diplomatic traditions. In opposition to Italy's onward march, NAPOLEON III. has therefore only two forces on which he can rely — the Catholic feeling in his provinces, and his own diplomatic skill. Over both of these Italy has already triumphed once, when she annexed the Romagna and the Two Sicilies.

The evident antagonism of the Imperial and the Italian programmes lends additional importance to the recent Convention, and to those features in it of which the Bishop of ORLEANS so bitterly complains. Speaking on behalf of the religious party in France, M. DUPANLOUP observes with reason that there are one or two gaps in the treaty through which a dozen Piedmontese regiments may walk. The inevitable contingency, for instance, of an insurrection at Rome has had no provision made for it. M. DUPANLOUP politely professes to believe

that M. DROUYN DE LHUYS has been taken in. The perfidy of Piedmont has done it all. The nation of MACCHIAVELLI have translated the French contract into Italian of their own. Such is M. DUPANLOUP's opinion, but it is not a wise one. No Bishop of any Christian community can hope to be consistent when he is out of temper; otherwise it would have occurred to M. DUPANLOUP that, if Piedmont is going to enter through a gap, it is unnecessary to accuse her of a design to break down fences. The position that the EMPEROR has been an innocent victim of M. NIGRA's wiles is unworthy of serious refutation. That CAVOUR once beat at his own weapons the most ingenious conspirator in Europe is a triumph which history will inscribe upon CAVOUR's tomb. But there is probably no Italian living who will ever have the chance of repeating the joke. Nor is NAPOLEON III. a statesman who leaves flaws in a great convention by sheer oversight. When all is signed and sealed, M. DROUYN DE LHUYS may naturally have strict orders to look like a pigeon. But spectators recognise the keen hand of the billiard-marker by the strokes he loses as well as by the strokes he wins; and to convince the world that he has blundered away his game is the last and most consummate triumph of the perfect player.

That the Emperor of the FRENCH has deliberately chosen to make an onward move in the Italian question is evident to most of those who take the trouble to watch his strategy. To many, at first sight, it appeared curious that he should, of his own free will, abandon a vantage ground of secure inaction. It seemed as if, by withdrawing the French troops from Rome, nothing was to be won but a moderate saving of expense. The Bishop of ORLEANS cannot understand the step, even from a worldly point of view. He tells the EMPEROR that, by supporting the Vatican, France gained Catholic influence on the Continent, Catholic gratitude at home, and an important diplomatic and military position in Europe. Such, doubtless, was LOUIS NAPOLEON's own idea when he first incorporated the maintenance of the POPE's temporality into his Presidential programme. Some such reason has led him, in spite of many difficulties, to adhere to it till now. But M. DUPANLOUP forgets, what is always painfully present to the mind of NAPOLEON III., that human life is short, and that genius itself is subject to mortal chances. The EMPEROR is slowly but certainly growing older, and, like HAMLET, he cannot but feel that he runs the risk of

leaving behind him half his task undone. Enough has been accomplished by him in the last twelve years to make it certain that his dynasty will, for a long time to come, be formidable competitors for the throne. But Frenchmen are fickle and fretful politicians; nor would it be easy to predict the immediate consequence of the EMPEROR's premature decease. These are not the days in which France is likely long to be content with an allegiance to the mild rule of a pious woman and a precocious child. The smaller the legacy of unsettled difficulties bequeathed by NAPOLEON III. to his heir and to his Imperial consort, the better will be the hopes of his dynasty; nor can the present occupant of the Tuileries feel even reasonably confident that the half-finished edifices he leaves will be completed by a sympathetic architect. It is natural, it is even wise, that he should seek to bring about some solution of the most hazardous political problem of the day in his own lifetime. The POPE and the Church will have stormy weather, as far as France is concerned, when the EMPEROR is gone. An irreligious Prince of the Blood, a superstitious Empress Mother, an infant Emperor, a turbulent democracy, and a bigoted religious party, would, between them, be hardly competent to settle the Roman question without plunging into desperate extremes, and even perilling the Second Empire. If the hurricane is to break at all, it had best break while there is a pilot living who understands the art of navigation. The obstinate attitude of Italy is too significant to be misunderstood. The country which professes itself willing to bide its time courteously covers, without concealing, the fact that it has begun to calculate the chances of the future. If anything touches the heart of the French EMPEROR to the quick, it is the interest of his son and of his house. In this interest he has resolved upon facing the question which, till lately, he had consistently and pertinaciously adjourned.

The Pope and his subordinate clergy, with all their virtues, are liable to human weakness; nor is it certain that they will become less grateful to the Emperor in proportion as he allows the dangers round the Vatican to thicken. M. DUPANLOUP talks of gratitude, but he can hardly be himself considered, in his relations with the FRENCH Government, to have displayed that rare quality to any great excess. That the Pope prays for the EMPEROR constantly is a fact revealed to us by the Vatican itself; but this is an honour which a sensitive mind feels to be less flattering in this world than

auspicious for the next. Neither *PRO NONO* nor his minister has shown any disposition to smooth down the perplexities which beset the *EMPEROR* at home, by conciliation or reform. Cardinal *ANTONELLI* seems to have uniformly calculated on the *EMPEROR*'s inability to move, and has thus made capital out of his own obstinacy and obstructiveness. Among the first fruits of the Convention may be reckoned a striking hint, which has appeared in the Jesuit organs at Rome, to the effect that the *HOLY FATHER* by no means ties himself to be the persistent enemy of constitutional reform. If the Vatican has *this* card after all in its hand, it is not impossible that the retreat of the French troops may force it. Nor is the *POPE* likely to be an obstacle for ever. *NAPOLEON III.* has given him two years for penitence and amendment. Before the two years have

elapsed, *PRO NONO* may sleep beside his mitred predecessors, and the fortunes of the Church be once more dependent on the jealousies and caprices of the Sacred College. The prospect of trouble and of peril will do more to throw the election into the hands of France than the presence at Rome of twenty times the present number of French troops. A permanent Protectorate has a tendency to excite opposition and distrust among those who are benefited by it the most, but the electors will turn towards France with real anxiety when it is clear to them that France is at last seriously offended. A French garrison on the Tiber can never secure the choice of a friendly Pontiff; but, as soon as the *EMPEROR* first announced his intention to desert his sacred charge, he established an important hold over the next election to the Papacy.

THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

MERIDIAN moments! grandly given
To cheer the warrior's soul from heaven!
God's ancient boon, vouchsafed to those
Who battle long with Freedom's foes,—
Oh, what in life can claim the power
To match with that divinest hour?

I see the avenging angel wave
His banner o'er the embattled brave;
I hear above Hate's trumpet blare
The shout that rends the smoking air,
And then I know at whose command
The victor sweeps the Rebel land!

Enduring Valor lifts his head
To count the flying and the dead;
Returning Virtue still maintains
The right to break unhallowed chains;
While sacred Justice, born of God,
Walks regnant o'er the bleeding sod.

THE NAMELESS MONUMENT.

A LEVEL stone that Time hath fretted,
Bitten often, and ground away,
Till now there is left but a dark, damp slab,
To catch sometimes a wandering ray.
No name, no effigy, date, or badge;
No smear of gliding, or bloom of paint;
No chevron, or fess, or shred of mail;
No mournful angel, or watchful saint.

All, all gone! The pride and pomp,
The dead man's vanity, all defaced.
Time, like a cruel, envious churl,
Both title and epitaph has erased;
And now the poor corpse, abbot or knight,
Martyr or king, hath a nameless tomb,
A mere flat slab of refuse stone,
To guard his bones till the day of doom.

Chambers's Journal.

OUR SOLDIER.

ANOTHER little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin!

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord! our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave!

GEORGE COOPER.

— *Pacific Monthly.*

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter-time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full; but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down, — all day, —
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked, and the well-curbs gone;
The hay-stack had grown to a mountain lift;
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of the fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the Norther, see! on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow;
He shouts on the plains, Ho-ho! ho-ho!
And growls with a savage trill.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air!
Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair.
He shuts his eyes to the wind, and growls;
He lifts his head and moans and howls;
Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet, —
Pray what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
But he lost the traveled way;
And for hours he trod with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh.
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow.
But the snow was deep and the tugs were tight;
His hands were numb and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For a while he strives, with a wistful cry,
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er —
'Tis the hour of midnight, past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast.
The silent moon, with her peaceful light,
Looks down on the hills with snow all white,
And the giant shadows of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,
Are they who came from the town, —
The man in his sleigh and his faithful dog
And his beautiful Morgan brown
In the white snow desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head and the reins in his
hand —

The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet
Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

THE ONE HOST OF LIBERTY.

[With reference to the last good news, and in view
of the approaching decision.]

I.

THE time has come! this day, if ever,
Put we the rebel host to rout!
The time has come, and now, or never,
Shall Treason's torch be trampled out.
Up! let us break, with strong endeavor,
The last few links of Slavery's chain,
And that which traitors tried to sever,
Our Union, shall be one again.

II.

O Union, bond of memories glorious,
Which bitterest strife can never efface,
Soon, soon shall float thy flag victorious
Over two brothers' fond embrace.
Two "brothers?" Yes! though ill-misguided
By selfish leaders' crafty skill,
There are millions, now from us divided,
Who are at heart our brothers still.

III.

O Union, bond of liberties glorious,
Which Slavery's stains no more disgrace,
Soon, soon shall float thy flag victorious
Above earth's grandest, happiest race.
Down falls the old abomination,
No more is man the slave of man,
A truth becomes our "declaration,"
And "free" means now "American."

IV.

O Union, bond of prophecies glorious,
Whose grand fulfilment is at hand —
Thy starry flag floating victorious,
What tyrant power shall withstand?
Hark! "freedom" shouts the free Atlantic,
Shouts "freedom" the Pacific free;
And kings, with fear and envy frantic,
Shall learn: this nation strong, gigantic,
Is but one host of liberty.

EMANUEL VITALIS SHERR,
From Switzerland.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 22, 1865.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Since our Report, p. 382, No. 1082, of the distribution of the Report upon the Destroying of Prisoners, we have received more money, to be hereafter reported, and are again engaged in sending to the Clergy and to Booksellers. — But it is very important to send largely into Kentucky and some other border States, and we respectfully ask for further remittances. *We have sent away several thousands in advance.*

In a letter from one of the Southern Aid Society in England, the receipt of a copy of the Narrative is thus acknowledged :

CROSS HILL, Feb. 2, 1865.

GENTLEMEN : — I have received a pamphlet printed by you which cost me 8d.* Whatever the sufferings of the Federal Officers and Privates may be, they deserve it all, and ten times more, for fighting in such an unholy and uncalled-for war.

The Confederate States had as much right to secede as the United States had to declare themselves independent of England. It is absolute nonsense to affirm that the Federals are fighting to abolish slavery.

The Federal Officers and Soldiers have made war on the Confederates, *and their wives and children*, more like Goths, and Vandals, and Savages, than civilized beings. They have committed murders and other atrocities, and destroyed private property in a way unheard of in modern times, and not sanctioned by the laws of warfare.

I hope the just vengeance of Heaven will shortly overtake a country tainted with so many crimes, and that those who you call "Rebels," but whom I consider among the most noble, heroic, and unselfish nation of ancient or modern times, may obtain their just rights, and establish their independence.

I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

C. F. CLARKE.

In *The Economist*, which represents the Merchants and Bankers of England, this appeared on the 11th Feb. :

"The plain truth, however, is that 'the head and front of our offending,' the real reason why the Federals are so angry with us, and why it is so impossible for us to pacify them, is that their views and ours as to the wisdom and righteousness of the war in which they are engaged are radically at variance. They do not profess to have much ground for complaint against our Government; but they think they have much against our people. We cannot look at things through their spectacles, and they cannot understand why we should not, nor forgive us because we do not. It is true that one or two of our most famous and able orators, not a few of our writers, and several of our journals, have embraced their cause, repeated their pleas, echoed their extravagances; but, notwithstanding, they have a conviction half instinct, half observation, that the English *nation*, as a whole, is not on their side, does not wish them success, does not share their passions, does not approve of their proceedings. The fact is so: we cannot deny it: we cannot alter it. And it is this which irritates them; — it is an irritation which unhappily it is simply impossible by all our efforts and all our caution to allay.

The Saturday Review of 11 Feb. has an article upon Col. Fletcher's History of the American War, which they praise generally, but make some complaints :

"Nor does Colonel Fletcher sufficiently mark the fact that the war, on the part of the North, was purely aggressive. He forbears to notice, and perhaps did not know that the framers of the Constitution had anticipated this very case of secession, and had decided that force should not be used. Nor does he observe the utter absurdity of describing as Rebels men who were in arms under the orders of the State Governments, which had unquestionably over them the power of life and death. Several omissions of this kind, and certain confusedness in his references to political matters, had suggested to us that Colonel Fletcher was unfamiliar with the ideas and principles of American politics."

* Of the 8d. hereafter. — LIVING AGE.